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CUPID SAYS: "The quickest way to her heart is with this ½ lb. box of "OLD GOLD" Chocolates. Just try it . . ."

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This cream centre has a fascinating fresh pineapple flavour and is coated with rich "Old Gold" Chocolate.

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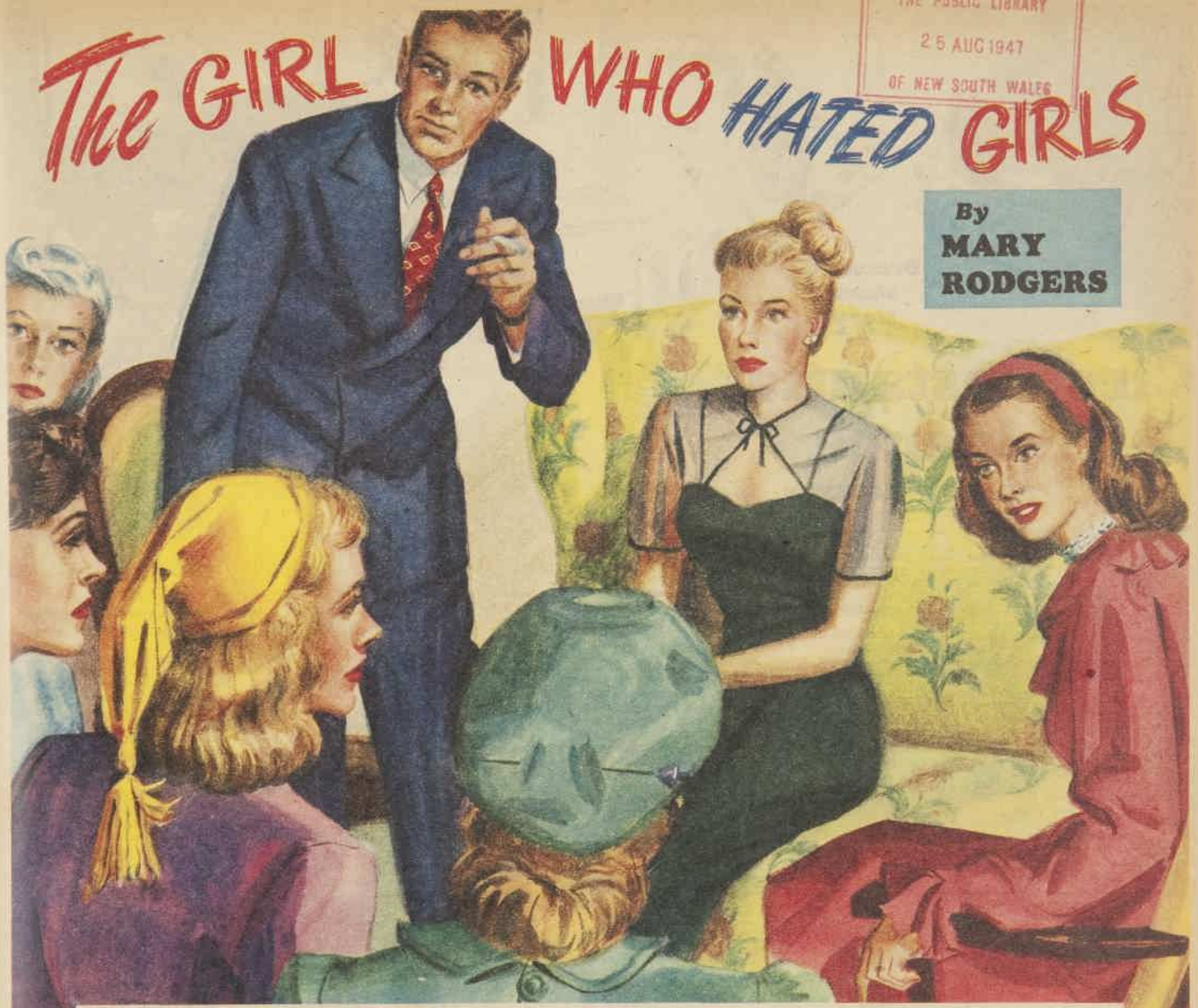
OF NEW SOUTH WALES

The GIRL WHO HATED GIRLS

By MARY RODGERS



SHE was fifteen minutes late, but Tom had not yet arrived. Brenda settled comfortably at a table near the door, and glanced lazily about her. The lounge was small and dim, decorated with black and silver tables and blurred murals. It was a favorite spot of men in the office buildings nearby who wanted a quick drink or two before going home.

It was not much patronised by women, and Brenda was surprised when her glance encountered two women at the table next to hers.

She looked at them with idle curiosity. They were middle-aged, with greying hair and double chins, yet their outfits were frothy, with ruffles and bows in pastel colors. They had evidently just finished a shopping tour, for the chairs around them were heaped with parcels, and under cover of the table they had slipped off their shoes. Their conversation was shrill and constant.

"Well, it couldn't be more hideous," one woman said.

Her companion gave a little shriek of delight and said, "Oh, don't tell me; I can't believe it!"

Brenda's feeling of amusement twisted into a sudden irritation. The women were so typical, she thought. Fat, fussy, and female. They reminded her of a cage of birds, raucous, fluttering about in aimless distraction, squawking and flapping their wings.

She turned away and smoothed down the collar of her blouse beneath her suit coat. In contrast to those two women, it was nice to know that the suit fitted perfectly over her slim body. She smiled happily, and glanced at her watch. Nearly twenty to six. Tom should be coming any moment now.

Bill, Ted, and Howard might be coming, too, but it was not for them that she sat and watched the door. A month ago, they had all been classed as a unit in her mind—Tom, Bill, Ted, and Howard—a pleasant, enjoyable foursome she met most afternoons after work for an hour or so of shop talk and a few drinks.

They were all advertising copy-writers. In the first days of their companionship, Brenda had thought the four of them amazingly alike. They were tall and dark, and they used the same expressions and talked in the same low, rapid way.

She had enjoyed them equally at first. She liked them all, and thought of them as The Group.

Brenda sighed, looked at her watch again, then leaned back and lit a cigarette. Tom was late. A month ago, she would have thought, I wonder what's holding up The Group? But now it had narrowed down to Tom. Ted, Howard, and Bill could be years late for all she cared.

It was odd, Brenda thought, that she couldn't remember exactly when Tom had emerged from The Group to become an individual in her mind—an exciting, strangely disturbing individual. She wasn't, thank heaven, the kind of girl who mooned over each moment of romance, pinning them down unmercifully with diaries, and favorite songs, and special days.

But still it would be nice to remember how it began, since it had become so important. She and Tom had gone out for dinner casually a few times. The dinner engagements became more frequent and were planned a longer time in advance. They began to stretch, including a picture show afterwards, or somewhere for dancing. She liked Tom, and each time she was with him she had fun.

"We've been wanting to meet Tom for such a long time," Sue told Mrs. Sage.

After a while it became more accurate to say that she was fond of Tom. She amended this a little later to very fond. Then came that morning—Could it have been only a week ago?

Brenda smiled to herself. She remembered that morning well enough. It had been such a glorious morning, the sunlight like bright bronze, the wind fresh and lively. She had rushed into a little restaurant near her office to have breakfast. And there sitting in the first booth, eating ham and eggs, was Tom.

Brenda thought with pleased indignation that it shouldn't have happened that way, in such a humdrum setting as a restaurant at eight o'clock in the morning. It was too important to come without warning. But it had. She had looked at Tom and felt a peculiar, tumultuous feeling. It was as if she was seeing him for the first time.

"Good morning, Tom," she had said. That was all he had said, too. But it was evident from the quick flash of his smile, the expression in his eyes and the way he jumped up, that he shared the same peculiar, tumultuous feeling.

They hadn't talked much. They hadn't eaten much breakfast either. But they sat there, just looking at each other, as long as they could and when Brenda had finally reached her office that morning she knew that she was in love with Tom Sage.

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"Well, I'm dashed!" Armitage muttered as Jean showed him the two photographs in the paper.

Dramatic short story

Circumstantial Evidence

By . . . STANLEY JACKSON

WHEN Howard Fleming was found strangled in his office in the city, the police lost no time in making an arrest.

Almost before the surgeon had completed his examination, two detectives were driving out to question young Thompson, the clerk, who had been so agitated when he left the building just after seven o'clock.

"It was late for him," remarked the liftman. "I noticed that he was trembling. Looked as if he'd seen a ghost. And 'is pockets were bulging. 'Been robbin' the office safe?' I asked, joking like. He didn't answer.

"When we got down to the ground floor his face looked like putty. 'Good-bye, Bill,' he said. I thought it a bit funny at the time. Saying 'good-bye' to the bloke that takes you up in the lift every morning."

"I should say he's been dead about two hours," grunted the police surgeon. "Death was due to strangulation. He wouldn't put up much of a fight. High blood pressure, and probably a weak heart."

The Inspector nodded slowly. He was on his knees in front of the safe.

"Clear case of robbery." He pointed to the papers strewn all over the carpet and flipped open the lid of a small steel cash-box. It was empty. He picked it up carefully and had it packed for examination by the finger-print people.

. . . . . .

"I can't believe he did it," murmured Jean, studying the newspaper photograph with a frown. "Why, he's little more than a schoolboy! You can't tell me that that baby would strangle a helpless old chap!"

Her husband craned his neck over her shoulder.

"You never know, dear," he said lightly. "Looks an open-and-shut case to me. Of course, he denied it. They always do! Told the police some cock-and-bull yarn about having been falsely accused of cooking the books."

"You lawyers are all the same!" she laughed. "You've practically hanged the poor kid already. Never forget that truth's stranger than fiction."

Her husband grinned and ran his eye over the newspaper report. The accused reserved his defence and applied for legal aid. He'll need it, thought Peter Armitage sardonically.

When picked up by the police, Thompson had made a long, rambling statement. Just as he was leaving the office at 6.30 p.m. Mr. Fleming had buzzed for him. He was accused point-blank of having faked the accounts. He denied it. Mr. Fleming waved a sheaf of invoices and threatened to have him prosecuted.

Mr. Perry, the junior partner, suggested that he should confess. They were anxious to avoid publicity which would do the firm no good.

"Mr. Fleming was very angry," the young man's statement went on. "He ordered me out. I collected my things. Boot brushes, my cup and saucer, ash-tray, and stuffed them in the pockets of my raincoat. The buzzer went again. Mr. Fleming looked very upset. 'I'll give you one more chance to make a clean breast of it,' he shouted. 'What have you done with the money? There's a deficiency of nearly three hundred pounds.'

"We argued for a long time. I denied the whole thing and demanded my month's salary. In the end, Mr. Perry calmed him down. He opened his safe, took out his cash-box, which was full of pound notes, and gave me my ten.

"'I'm only doing this because we don't want a lot of unsavory publicity,' he said. Then he told me to get out and consider myself lucky not to be in gaol."

He's got plenty of imagination, anyway, thought Armitage as he walked toward the front door, with the slight limp that was the legacy of a Japanese hand-grenade. His wife helped him on with his overcoat and kissed him affectionately.

"Don't work too hard, dear," she said.

"No fear of that!" he laughed, and promptly forgot all about the murder. He was poring over some papers in his chambers when his clerk came in with a brief in his hand.

"Just delivered, sir," he said crisply.

Armitage flashed him a quick smile and slipped the ribbon from the brief. The name Thompson seemed to leap straight at him. My first murder trial, he thought comfortably, and it was marked at a figure which made him raise his eyebrows.

"This is good news, Stace," he said gravely. The clerk nodded. He had been with Armitage since he'd first come into these chambers, only too eager for guinea briefs.

"One day he'll be on the Bench," Stace had prophesied to his cronies.

Armitage had the "legal" face; cold, steady eyes, tight mouth, a nose that was faintly aquiline without being arrogant. Yet he could laugh like a schoolboy, and juries always rose to his cool, easy charm. Yes, the briefs were coming in quite nicely when he suddenly threw it all away to join the Army.

Now he was back in his chambers to try to pick up the threads again. Only he was different. It wasn't merely the permanently lame leg or the flecks of grey in his hair. He was older, less sure of himself, and inclined to be irritable.

Stace cleared his throat. "Very useful publicity, a murder brief," he murmured, staring out of the window.

Armitage did not look up. His eyes were racing over the brief. He reached for a pencil and began scribbling notes in the margin.

"I suppose they're giving us war veterans a little encouragement," he said with a laugh. "I certainly didn't expect a Crown brief, though."

Please turn to page 21

When women plan a Trousseau—

—they plan in

'Celanese'

TRADE MARK

You always promised yourself a heavenly trousseau. Fulfil that promise with Lingerie in 'Celanese', for it will hold its trousseau-beauty far into those happy days ahead.

The name 'Celanese' is your assurance of quality—your pass-word to fabrics that will not only delight you in their appearance but also in their length of service. Keep searching for them.

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BOVRIL

makes dishes more delicious

The very essence of good cooking—that's Bovril! It's the making of sumptuous soups, succulent stews, thick meaty gravy and all other savoury dishes. For it adds the concentrated goodness of prime lean beef, enriching and bringing out the full nourishment and appetising flavour.

THE CONCENTRATED GOODNESS OF PRIME LEAN BEEF

—that's BOVRIL

The Colonel told his wife,
That the Major's friend, the Captain,
Was a-sneezing for his life.
So a Sergeant told a private,
"Double out! Be doubly sure,
To ask the Canteen Corporal
For Woods' Great Peppermint Cure."

Precaution against influenza infection.
Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

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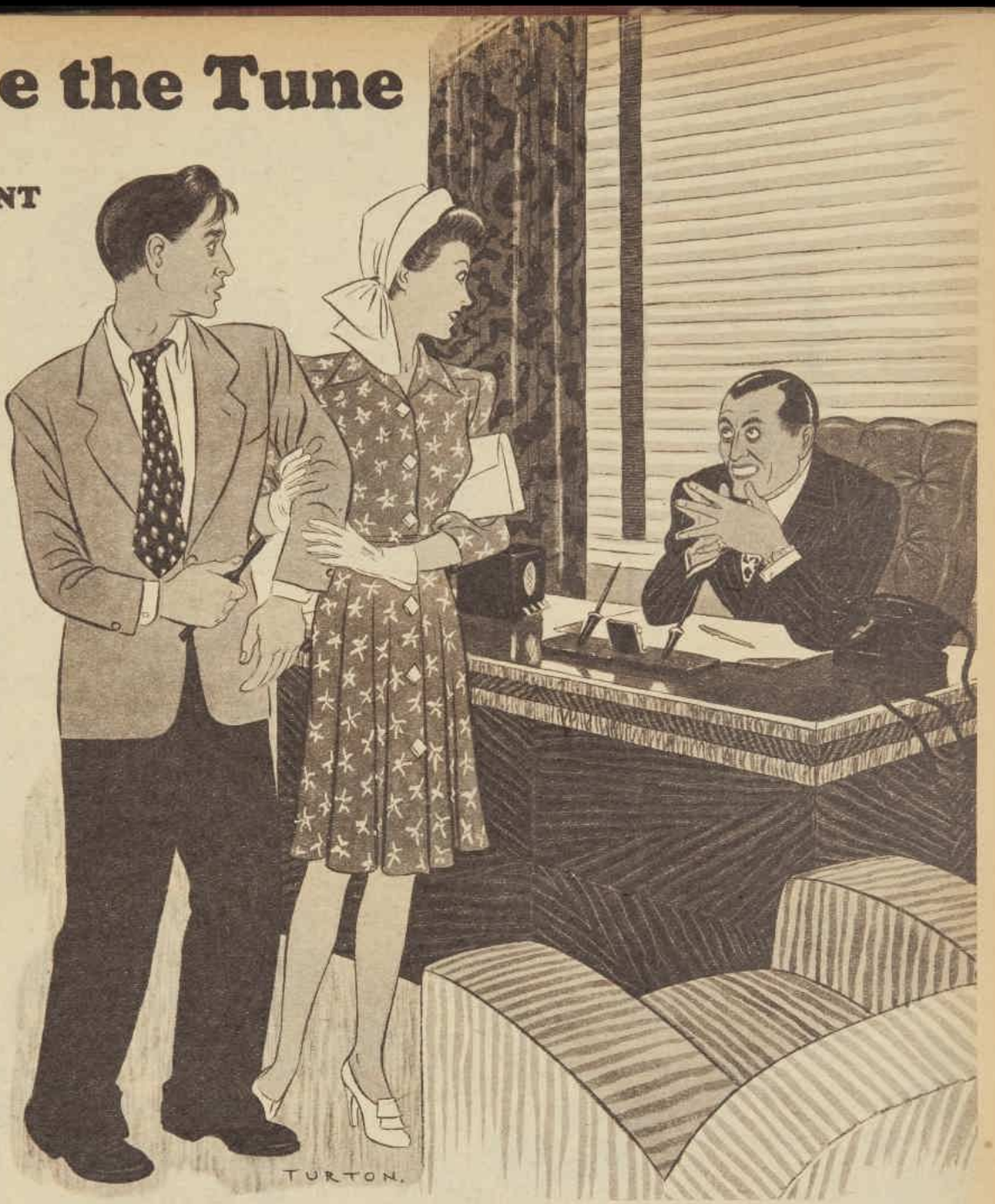
Sing Me the Tune

By . . .
CHARLES SAINT



"So this is your famous wonder-boy," said Mr. O'Hara, in a tone of weary sarcasm.

WITH a sigh of exasperation, she turned again to the man behind the desk. "Listen," she said, "don't grin at me like a black-haired hyena. I'm not crazy. It's all perfectly true."

He looked at her and gently tapped the top of the polished desk with a nail file. "Look, beautiful," he said, "I'm a hard, practical sort of cove, see? I don't go in for fairies, and I know all about Santa Claus."

"I do know," she said, "that you are all bone from the ears in."

He leant back in his upholstered chair. He had a black slick of well-placed hair; he had a lean face over which the skin was stretched tightly in a pleasing manner, as though there had just been enough left over when it came to his turn; he had good teeth, but he smiled too frequently.

Not much of the mirth seemed to get up to his eyes; and his nails were too well cared for. All in all, he was good-looking in a flashy sort of way.

"Listen," he said, "I'm not a circus manager, see, so I don't go in for any of this freak stuff—but I may be able to use you now—in my floor show."

"As what, Mr. O'Hara?" she said. Her voice was bleakly cold.

"Well," he said, "you're not hard to look at. Can you sing?"

"I'm perfect," she said, "like a giraffe with a sore throat. You should hear me. I've been run out of all the best bathrooms."

He shrugged his shoulders and she stood up. She was slim and tall. Her auburn hair did more than its duty to her face, and her eyes sparkled with vitality.

"Sorry," he said.

"You're passing up the opportunity of a lifetime," she said, "and you're too stubborn to even look at it."

He yawned politely "You can't expect me to be egg-eyed over all this rubbish you're telling me," he said.

She kept her patience with difficulty.

"As the allegedly most enterprising night-club owner in town," she said, "I expected you to be sharp, and to have some little imagination—instead of which you have about as much as an undernourished oyster."

He gave her his white, toothy grin again. "All right," he said, "all right—when you start taking pokes at my vanity—all right, bring him in then—but I can give you only ten minutes——"

She went quickly to the door and opened it. Her voice was hushed and vibrant as she called to the man outside.

"George," she said; "George."

She held the door open for him, and he came slowly into the room. He paused just inside the door, and looked round at the ornate furnishings and extravagant murals. It seemed to be a bit of a shock to his mind. He had not seen anything like this before.

The thick carpet soundlessly absorbed the impact of his feet, and made him feel uncomfortable. He looked at the girl.

"It's all right, George," she said comfortingly, "just come over and sit down. Mr. O'Hara," she said, "this is George Day."

O'Hara nodded a little uncertainly.

"So this is your famous wonder-boy," he said in a tone of weary sarcasm.

She nodded enthusiastically. "It's him," she said.

O'Hara looked at George as he wriggled about in his chair. He was a young man, tall, ungainly. He had thick, brown hair, and an untidy wisp of it reached down over his forehead. He had broad shoulders but he held them forward. He had good eyes but there was something vague and uncertain, almost unhappy, about his face. He was restless and uneasy.

In his hands he had a small, circular piece of wood, about twice the thickness of a pencil and about ten inches long. It had a knotty lump in it about half-way down and it was worn smooth by much handling. He was ceaselessly twisting it round in his fingers.

O'Hara raised an admonitory finger. "Now look——" he began.

"It's all right," the girl interposed quickly, "now just be patient for a while——"

"Patient!" he said. "Now listen, Miss—what's your name again?"

"Mary Edwards," she said promptly.

"Now listen, Miss Edwards," he said, "what's the matter with your boy-friend. Is he cuckoo?"

She shook her head vigorously. "Of course not," she said, "and he is not my boy-friend."

"What is he then?"

"He is a sort of protege of mine," she explained. "We grew up together in the same little country town. I have known George all my life."

"Then what," said Mr. O'Hara patiently, "is the matter with him?"

"Well," said Mary diffidently, "he is all right, really. It is just that when he was about six years old someone dropped a milk churn on his head—and it has made him a little backward."

Mr. O'Hara put his elbows on his desk, and his face in his hands. "Why didn't my mother," he said, "warn me about things like this? Now look, Miss Edwards," he said, "as you have doubtless not gathered I am a very busy man. I have no time to waste fooling around——"

"Now you look, Mr. O'Hara," she said, "just keep your forty-two-and-elevenpenny shirt on. Wait until you hear George play——"

"Ah, yes," said Mr. O'Hara, "you tell me that he plays the violin like I never heard it played before—probably better even than the musical saw act that I have—so what? I have plenty of violin players. Violin players are sixpence a dozen. You tell me that he has a very peculiar way of playing it, that it will surprise me, maybe shock me."

He gestured expressively.

"I have a violinist who stands on his head, drinks a mug of beer, and plays the violin with his feet, and doesn't spill a drop; and I have a harpist who can play the cello with a nail-brush. Can anything shock me after that? Now please, Miss Edwards, I am not in the market for freaks or maestros, please— —"

"Mr. O'Hara!" She plunged into it quickly. "George doesn't actually play the violin with a violin."

Most of the mirth had gone out of Mr. O'Hara's face. "He doesn't?" he said.

"No," said Miss Edwards. "He does it with that piece of wood he has there."

"He does—he what?"

"Now, don't get too excited, Mr. O'Hara," she said. "You'll get hardened arteries if you let the blood rush into your face like that—just relax and listen——"

Mr. O'Hara covered his face with his hands. "I'm dreaming," he muttered, "this really couldn't happen to anyone."

Miss Edwards leant forward eagerly in her chair. "Ask him to play something," she said.

"Ah," said Mr. O'Hara savagely, "tell him to play the Moonlight Sonata backwards——"

"Well," said Miss Edwards doubtfully, "I'm not sure that he can play it backwards, but—George, can you play the Moonlight Sonata?" she said.

George's large brown eyes as he looked at her were misty and vapid. After a long while he said: "Sing me the tune—and I'll play it."

She hummed it quietly to him, and after a while he lifted the piece of wood to his lips and began to blow softly.

She watched him anxiously. Mr. O'Hara surveyed him cynically.

Then all of a sudden the air was filled with the lovely music. The sweet lingering notes seemed to become a very part of the atmosphere round them.

Please turn to page 26

★ TOM PIPER — THE NAME OF GOODNESS IN FRESH CANNED FOODS ★

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No. 1 in a series showing newest Grafton Anti-Shrink designs

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Grafton ANTI-SHRINK
REGISTERED TRADE MARK

Let's forget convention, says Grafton, and cover some of our Anti-Shrink with designs of things that people are talking about. For one thing, we're talking about our new homes, and town planning schemes with green belts of trees around the houses. So here's a Grafton Anti-Shrink with our dream houses and trees and flowers in lovely floating colors . . . And now you know why we call it "Green Belt".

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A LOVE LIKE THAT

Concluding our sparkling serial

By DAVID GARTH

Jonathan raced madly forward, ignoring Valentine's agonised cry of warning.

VALENTINE stepped slowly from the train as it pulled into Poindexter station, stopping just long enough to allow her to alight. She seemed half reluctant to leave it, and her eyes were clouded as she turned to greet her father, who was striding the platform toward her.

By the time he had reached her the train had pulled out and left nothing behind but the echo of those pounding steel rails that had been in her ears ever since she'd left New York.

Colonel Ransome was relieved to see her. But looking at his self-possessed daughter he couldn't for the life of him tell whether she was coming home with her shield or upon it.

"You've been away a long time," he said, as they walked toward the car.

To her it did not seem such a long time. Everything was the same. Even Burton, the chauffeur, holding the door of the car open for her and touching the visor of his cap, seemed as though he might have just driven her to the station a day or so before.

They rolled away from the station, Valentine sinking back against the cushions, one arm linked in her father's. He discovered very soon that she had shot tremendous holes in her private fortune.

"The prodigal daughter," she agreed cheerfully. "I will arise and go unto my father. You'll have to put me on an allowance, Dad." She smiled at him. "Start me off at the bottom and let me work up."

"But all that money!" muttered the Colonel.

"You can't haul a steamship line out of a hole and run it with peanuts," his daughter said lucidly. "Don't worry—I wasn't trimmed. Everybody's satisfied and the sun still comes up in the morning. Let's forget it."

"Forget it?" rumbled her father. "That's a lot to forget."

She looked at him, a swiftly veiled, dark-eyed glance.

"There's a lot to be forgotten," she commented tersely.

He thought she was about to tell him something then, but she changed the subject and by the time they arrived home he was ready to conclude that whatever she'd done in New York she was convinced it had been worth while.

Valentine spent three days aimlessly fooling around home. She played some golf with the Colonel, but her usually steady straight game was off. She couldn't seem to co-ordinate.

Then she realised that neither distance nor golf nor leisure would help her turn a page. If she was going to forget Jonathan Corinthius Blair she had to put him out of her mind, and her mind demanded something to fill the void. Turn the page. Turn the page on Jonathan Blair.

She came down to breakfast on the fourth day after her return, looking fresh and determined.

"I'm going," she announced immediately, "to look into this oil business of yours."

The Colonel glanced at her uncertainly over the top of his newspaper.

"The—hum—oil business?"

"Attababy!" approved Ned Ransome, grinning at her. "About time you got around to that."

"The oil business is fascinating," Valentine declared. "Always wanted to know more about it. I'm going up to Callard."

"Callard!" exclaimed the Colonel.

"Gosh," said Ned, "that cross-streets town? Brick bank, wooden post-office——"

"However, it's only three-quarters of a mile from some of the great Ransome Oil Company's fields of our father. Listen, Dad, tell your field office up there that I'm not just fooling around. I wouldn't be surprised," she added direfully, "if I got my nose sunburned."

Her father stared at her helplessly. Oil fields! Great leaping iguanas! She was into something again. She was going about studying the "fascinating" oil industry! Yes, it was all settled.

"You cut up any high jinks," threatened the Colonel feebly, "and I'll crack down on your allowance, so help me."

His daughter writhed.

"That's right," she said humorously. "Rub it in."

Once settled she swept into stride with despatch, leaving the next afternoon; and if she didn't succeed in forgetting that Blair person in the two-hundred-mile drive to the little town near the Ransome fields she couldn't be blamed because, after all, there aren't a great many things to think about on a two-hundred-mile drive.

She whipped into town as a moon was rising over the little brick bank, and brought her roadster to a stop before the town hostelry. She bent forward, switched off the ignition, and sat there in silence a moment drumming on the wheel with gloved fingers.

"I suppose I won't be able to forget you," she murmured, "but I'm going to look into this oil business just the same—"

. . . . . .

Jonathan Blair had averaged five conferences a day for three weeks and he drew his first breath when he came out of the board-room late one afternoon after a two-hour session with some of his airline officials over a table of maps and blue-prints.

He sat down, tossed his pencil on the desk, and leaned back clasping his hands behind his head. Somehow, routing thousands of miles for air liners made him think of Valentine. Action and initiative were the roots of all progress, and Valentine Ransome had those qualities and to spare. He wondered suddenly why she hadn't dropped in to see how things were going.

He rang for Meggs.

"Do you know where Miss Ransome lives?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir. Near Washington Square."

"Well, give her a ring," Jonathan directed. "Tell her there's a directors' meeting to-morrow at eleven."

Meggs withdrew, but returned soon, looking rather nonplussed.

"Miss Ransome has moved, sir," he repeated.

"Moved?" said Jonathan. "Moved where?"

"I don't know, sir. She left no forwarding address."

Jonathan didn't like the sound of that. Something vague and indefinite about a girl who was most certainly not a bit vague and indefinite.

"Pshaw," he said finally. "She's somewhere in the city. Calhoun will probably know."

He put through a call to Bard's offices, but Bard, it developed, was out and had left no word when he would return.

Jonathan found that he did not quite like the sound of that either. Which was very strange in a young man who had always taken it for granted that Bard would lose control of his reason some day and marry that hard-hitting, slim Texan pirate.

Yes, she'd probably marry Bard—but she'd been very nice to Jonathan Blair the last couple of times he'd seen her. She'd helped ease Bundy into Valhalla for him with a strengthening, warming glow of swift sympathy that was totally unexpected in the girl who was such an inherent warrior. Bard Calhoun would get a really fine girl.

There was a pile of work on his desk awaiting his attention. The letters he had dictated that morning were neatly arranged for his signature. He ignored it all to jam his hands in his pockets and pace slowly up and down.

"Invite me to a directors' meeting some time." That's what she'd said. Well, where was she?

The phone suddenly buzzed, breaking in on his perplexity. Meggs was announcing Dirk Segrave. Jonathan was glad of the interruption.

Dirk came in breezily, and they chatted for a while about the new airline.

Please turn to page 28

HEENZO COUGH REMEDY — HEENZO COUGH REMEDY

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Yes, you save lots of money by using HEENZO, the famous family cough remedy which gives *instant relief*, is nice to take and is equally good for adults and children in the treatment of coughs, colds, croup, sore throats, bronchitis and influenza.

The goodness of HEENZO has been proved under all climatic conditions, from the Antarctic by Sir Ernest Shackleton's expeditions, to the Tropics by Captain Frank Hurley's famous exploration trips. HEENZO supplies are still limited, so first come, first served. . . . *Buy HEENZO to-day from your nearest Chemist or Store.*

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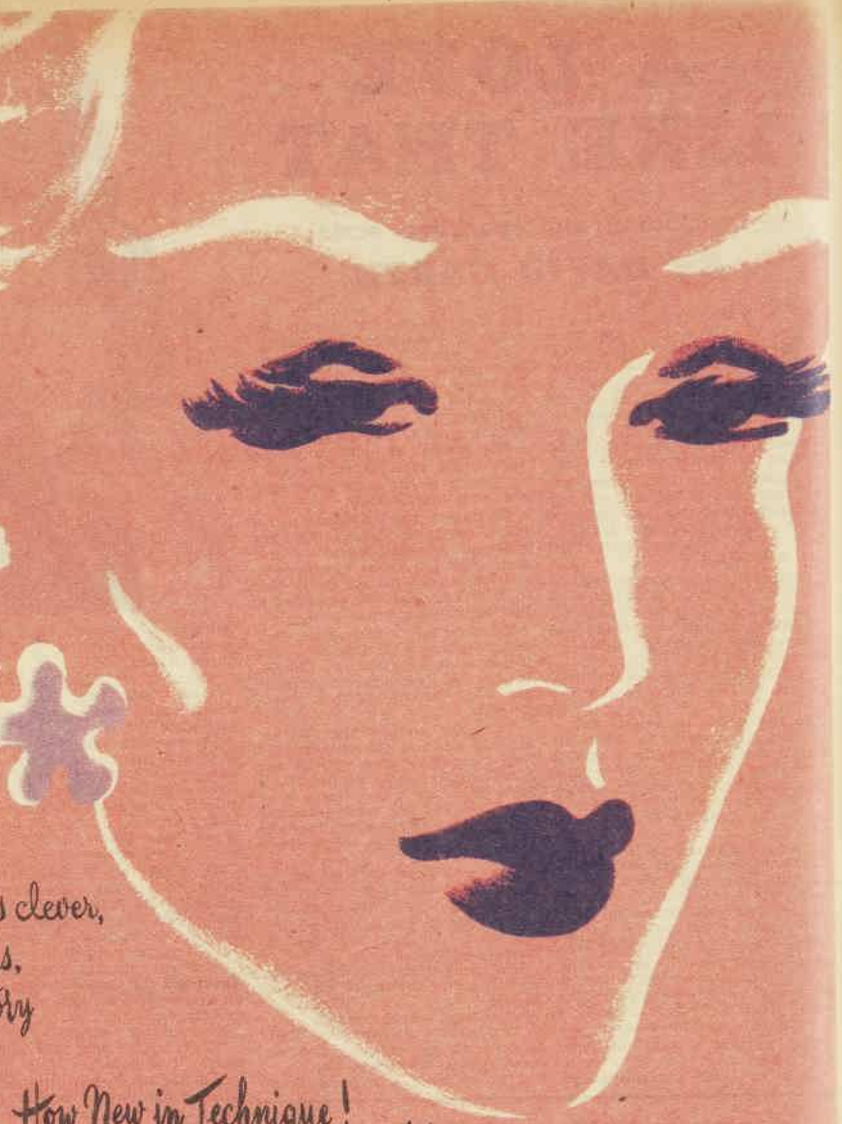
New Perfumes by Exotiq



From Paris... Today's clever, exciting new blends, the happiest in history

How New in Technique! New in Perfume Appeal! The loveliest yet!

Exotiq Floral Perfumes

(at left) ROSE DE FRANCE, WHITE CARNATION and PARMA VIOLET, with that "Continental" atmosphere. Complete with smart new crystal plastic stand in colours of vermilion, azure and ivory. In neat floral box, cellophane wrapped 12/6

Exotiq Flower Perfume Extracts

(at left) Choose from GARDENIA, DAPHNE DE LUXE, or FRENCH LILAC. Each will delight you in its special hand-made moderne box, daintily cellophaned 9/6

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You will love "L'AMOUR" . . . or you might select "REVERIE" or "NUMBER SIX." All so lovely. 3/3, 5/9, 11/-, 21/3, 39/3

• Exotiq Colognes

You will love the delightful "Exotiq" Eau de Cologne, "No. 6" Perfumed Cologne, Ice Cologne and Lavender Water. 1/3, 2/3, 3/9, 5/6, 7/3½, 13/3, 25/-

Paris
New York
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Exotiq Eau de Perfume

(above) A new and beautiful skin perfume, to refreshing for your every mood and occasion. Five sizes, ½ oz. to 4 oz., 2/6 to 12/6

"YOU'RE SMARTER WHEN YOU'RE EXOTIC"

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Woman with navy-blue hair intrigued Russians

American fur stylist went to Leningrad for world auction of fabulous pelts

By GEORGE McGANN of our New York staff

Esther Dorothy, designer of America's maddest and most expensive furs, has just come through the "iron curtain" without a scratch.

Miss Dorothy, fabulously successful innovator of moleskin bathing costumes, pink fur slacks, and yellow mink sweaters, spent five days at the huge Government fur auction at Leningrad.

SHE was one of the 250 foreign fur buyers invited by the Russian "Union of Furs" to its first auction since 1939.

Miss Dorothy, who was the first American business woman to visit Russia since the war, purchased a large quantity of sables and ermine at prices she describes as "extremely high."

Dorothy, charming, forty-ish, elegantly clad, talked of her quick visit to Russia—the entire trip took only ten days—in her modernistic salon.

She said the fur auctions were held in "the most beautiful new building I've ever been in."

The five-day sale was preceded by a typical Russian banquet for foreign buyers.

"The banquet began precisely at noon in a specially decorated dining room in the fur building.

"It was a meal I'll never forget," the famous designer said. "There were endless courses of fish, game and meat.

"Waitresses stood behind guests to refill wine and vodka glasses as soon as a sip was taken.

'Patriotic demonstration'

"EACH time a course was brought out curtains parted in front of a raised stage at the end of the room and a big band blared out a Russian song.

"Waiters marched into the room in a body, bearing trays triumphantly overhead.

"It was more than a meal—it was a patriotic demonstration.

"We staggered away from the table after three hours, overcome by Russian hospitality."

Dorothy, whose mode of dress is distinctive even in fashionable New York, caused a public commotion in Russia.

Press and photographers interviewed her daily.

Russian newspapers printed long accounts of her reactions to Leningrad.

Crowds followed her whenever she appeared in her platform-soled, ankle-strap shoes and black sheer nylon stockings, wearing one or her mink or sable coats.

Dorothy, whose hair is dyed navy-blue, is addicted to heavy gold jewellery. She works on the principle that if one bracelet is good, ten bracelets are ten times better.

Her luggage on the Russian trip included a separate case of her "simplest" jewels. The case weighed sixty pounds.

"I think I brought a lot of joy to those people," Dorothy mused.

"You should have seen their eyes light up when I appeared at dinner one night in my pink Eurasian lambskin slacks.

"They enjoy color so much," she smiled. "Maybe it's my Russian blood that has inspired me to dye my furs in reds, yellows, and pinks."

Dorothy was born in Russia.

She can speak a bit of Russian and understand most of it.

Her imaginative treatment of furs has revolutionised fur fashions in the past six years.

She came home from Russia teeming with ideas and says she has a definite "Russian feeling" which will be reflected in her September showing of furs.

Dorothy modelled for me one of her new creations which has resulted from the Russian trip. She calls it a "peasant shawl."

It is an exquisitely fashioned cape consisting of contrasting types of mink.

One half of the cape is light-colored ranch mink, the other half rich, dark-brown wild mink.

Dorothy's peasant shawl is not designed for peasants; it will sell for five thousand dollars.

From millinery to mink

ESTHER DOROTHY came to America from Russia with her parents at the age of six.

At twelve she began work to help support the parents, who had settled in Boston.

Later she became a millinery designer, and for business reasons adopted the name Esther Dorothy. As creator of hats she had the largest following in Boston.

She turned fur-designer, she says, because "my hat customers were always complaining about their fur coats."

Her fur designs have proved as bizarre as were her hat styles.

LUXURY COAT. Most women have to be content to dream about mink coats like this one. Esther Dorothy designs them and wears them, too

ESTHER DOROTHY, clever American fur stylist, who dyes her hair navy-blue, gives furs she designs every color of rainbow.

Dorothy also showed me:

- Her moleskin bathing costume, which has become the rage in Hollywood.
- Canary-yellow mink sweater.
- Zebra-skin blanket.
- Russian sable bicycling suit.
- Jewelled mink ear-muffs.
- Mink bedroom slippers.

Ermine at £10,000

HIGH point of this informal fashion parade was Dorothy's entrance from the dressing-room in an eye-filling ermine cape, which she will part with 30,000 dollars (about £10,000).

The cape contains 800 specially selected Russian ermine skins.

Dorothy says her new ermine creations will be much more expensive because she had to pay fifteen dollars each for ermine skins at the Leningrad auction.

The prewar price was under ten dollars.

"I was enormously impressed by the evident improvement in Russian living conditions since I visited Russia as a tourist in 1934," she told me.

"The Russians are recovering rapidly from the effects of the war. As far as bomb damage is concerned, England looks far worse than Leningrad.

"The Russians must have worked night and day to rebuild the smashed city, which withstood one of the grimmest sieges in the history of warfare. Every pane of glass in the city's buildings was shattered during the endless days and nights of cannonading and bombing," Dorothy declared.

"But to-day there isn't a broken window in Leningrad.

"By American standards, living conditions in Leningrad are still rather bleak.

"There are all kinds of shortages. There are no motor-cars, except for Government officials; no bicycles, prams, fountain-pens, lip rouge, nylons or thousands of other things we think of as necessities.

"However, I remember the long breadlines in Russia in 1934, and the pinched, hungry look of people in the street.

"Now there is food for everyone although it is strictly rationed.

"Greens and vegetables are extremely scarce, but there are plenty of potatoes, a good supply of bread, and meat is fairly plentiful.

"People are better dressed and optimistic about the future.

ERMINE from Russia being unpacked at a warehouse. Highlight of Esther Dorothy's fur collection is an ermine cape containing 800 skins. Each of these little bunches of ermine is worth about £50

"Things will be much better for us if the harvest is good this year," they said everywhere I went."

Dorothy said the Russian authorities made no attempt to restrict her movements in Leningrad or to prevent her speaking to the average citizen. She visited several private homes.

"We talked about everything but politics," Dorothy said. "That is a subject Russians carefully avoid."

There is a new gaiety about Russia that immediately strikes the returning visitor, Dorothy said.

"There are lots of night-clubs and restaurants filled with dancing and drinking customers until four o'clock in the morning.

"Vodka is as plentiful as water, although Scotch whisky can be had only on the black market.

"Opera, theatre, ballet, and films are all open again. Film houses were showing American films with Russian sub-titles flashed on to the screen. Another interesting note is the open churches. I saw Jewish synagogues and Roman Catholic churches, as well as Russian Orthodox churches, and all seemed well attended.

"There seems a new accent on home life among the Russians. You see family groups strolling through the parks.

"Divorce is now harder to obtain in Russia than it is in America.

"Fifteen years ago, Russians could get a divorce simply by mailing a post-card to their spouse. Now court action is necessary, as well as posting a notice in newspapers.

"The newsprint shortage has become the Russian divorce bottleneck.

"Newspapers print only a few names daily, and there are long waiting lists.

"A woman visiting Russia is struck immediately by the number of women doing manual labor. You see women street-sweepers, stonemasons, building attendants, plasterers, painters, and bricklayers. There's no such thing as a weaker sex in Russia.

"Yet Russian women are striving to resemble the women of America, France, and Britain. They no longer scorn make-up and attractive clothing as 'bourgeois.'

"Most wave their hair—a thing almost unknown a few years ago. Cosmetics are still very scarce. Waitresses and other servants refuse money tips, but eagerly accept bottles of nail polish or gifts of ends of lipstick.

"Shoes and dresses are badly cut, but the trend is toward more variety in styles of Western type."

One of Dorothy's most vivid impressions was the growth of class distinction among the Russians.

"The new aristocrats are intellectual workers. They are the artists, writers, scientists, and engineers," she said.

"These people are paid higher salaries. They can eat better than the average Russian, and afford to patronise so-called free shops, where goods and delicacies are sold without ration coupons at stiff prices."

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Editorial

AUGUST 30, 1947

SAFETY FROM JAPAN

THE important British Commonwealth Conference in Canberra this week will define the Empire view on the essentials of the peace treaty to be imposed upon Japan.

Australia has been glad to welcome the distinguished delegates from England. Their coming at this time is an indication to the world that Britain, in spite of her present plight, is not ready to abandon her centuries-old leadership in international affairs.

Dr. Evatt has made it clear that Australia intends to play a strong role in the present conference and in the later international one that will draft the treaty.

Her major contribution to the Pacifc war gives her the right to this and her geographical position makes it vital to her future security.

The peace treaty must ensure that Australians can think of Japan as a producer of cherry blossom but not of atomic mushrooms.

As Dr. Evatt puts it, the treaty should "prevent any regrowth of a war potential."

With the memory of Japanese savagery fresh in Australian minds, it seems unlikely that Japan could ever be trusted again.

But there is always a new generation growing up ready to believe that their fathers' views are based on bitterness and prejudice rather than reality.

Perhaps twenty years hence the sons of men who suffered at Changi and on the Burma railroad will be telling each other that the Japs are not such bad fellows and all this talk of keeping them down is rather silly and inhumane.

That is what happened with Germany between the two wars, so it is reasonable to guard against it happening again in the Pacific.

Dr. Evatt goes to this week's meeting fresh from his conversations with General MacArthur and his visit to Japan. All Australia will watch his efforts with anxious interest.

ANOTHER ARTIST looks at life this week in the temporary absence of Sprod. He looks at it rather cynically

It seems to me . . .

BY

Dorothy Drain

THE pretty girl who was setting my hair last week suddenly said to my reflection in the mirror: "Do you know it's only 18 weeks till Christmas?"

When I reacted with a shocked shudder she smiled happily.

"That's how I felt when a client told me this morning," she said with satisfaction.

Groping for comfort, I remarked that, after all, 18 weeks was a third of a year.

"But look how the weeks rush by," the relentless girl pointed out.

"And the years for that matter," I added gloomily as the drier shut out further conversation, leaving me to morbid reflections on the passing of time, and the compensating thought that I could pass on the information, giving someone else a jolt.

* * *

TALKING of time, I wish I had the patience to set my watch on some of the audience which gathers near our office to watch the excavation on a building site.

At least I assume it's a building site. There's a truck and a lovely scoop thing that grabs up earth, swings round, and tips it into the truck.

The audience, which sometimes grows to twenty in the lunch-hour, is almost exclusively male. Occasionally a woman stops and stares. Speaking from experience I do not think the gadget lacks fascination for women, but we feel interlopers with our twittering questions in the hush of old and young men.

"What's that thing called?" I asked two small boys. "An excavator," said one, adding kindly, "It excavates, you see."

The audience looked cross. I relapsed into what appeared to be the proper contemplative silence. But it was no good. Their faces seemed to say: "Let women stare at shop windows and sunsets. The poetry and rhythm of the machine age is beyond them."

I crept off.

* * *

ANOTHER aspect of the divergent tastes of men and women was underlined for me this week by a notice in a shoe-shop window.

"New antique finish," it read. "Giving you all the charm of a worn shoe."

They were men's shoes, of course, grained calf. I restrained a pedantic amusement at the idea of a "new antique finish," realising that these manufacturers really had got something.

They've seen servicemen tear the lining out of nice new caps and jump on them; they've noted family men steadfastly resisting the nagging of womenfolk to "give that old coat to the Salvation Army."

Others will follow, no doubt, and we shall see advertisements reading: "Gardening cardigans, with the new holey elbows." "Shorts, edges tastefully frayed. Paint-spattered in attractive designs."

Then—where will the women in the family get their coupons?

And—since we're thinking about men and their quaint ways—ever study them round the ironmongery counter in a chain store? The girls fingering artificial jewellery have nothing on them.

THAT discussion about the various names for station employees (16/8/'47) has produced an interesting mail.

It arose from a letter written by a man who described himself as a "shepherd," and in the paragraph I mentioned that the term "cowboy" sounds like an American importation.

C. Rylands, of Elizabeth Bay, Sydney, says: "Cowboy is the adaptation of the English farmer's term cowman. On an Australian station the cowboy milks the house cows, chops the wood, and does all the odd jobs. The regular station hands—ringers they often call themselves—are inclined to look down on the cowboy.

"You won't find any shepherds on the stations. They belong to the droving tracks, where they shepherd the sheep slowly along the great plains. A tedious job at times, just keeping the mob feeding along in the right direction.

"That's how your shepherd found time to write his letter while he leant on his saddle."

R. Beeton, of Avon Downs, Burren Junction, writes in similar terms about cowboy and adds: "In the early days in Western New South Wales and Queensland (before the country was fenced) shepherds looked after the sheep during the day and put them in yards or sheep breaks at night to protect them from dingoes. The remains of these breaks are still to be found in the West.

"Now the word is used mostly in Queensland, and means a man who works with a drover."

* * *

IN a talk to the Anthropological Society of N.S.W., a speaker, telling his audience of sorcery among the natives of islands near New Guinea, said that success in love for the islanders was absolutely impossible without the aid of magic.

The native leads a funny life,
Not civilised—like us.
And when he plans to take a wife
He makes a lot of fuss.

With incantations, sorcery,
And prayers to tribal gods,
He seeks, without psychology,
To get the favored odds.

Our figures in divorce suggest
He has a line to sell,
For is our way so much the best?
Would magic do as well?

* * *

MANY and many a time, overcome by an earnest desire to grasp economics, I've encouraged knowledgeable persons to give me a dissertation on the subject.

But they never get much farther than that inevitable beginning on the barter system: "A man has a bag of potatoes . . ." when my mind skates off and my eye glazes.

Now, when news of alarming inflation in America comes at the same time as that of the British crisis, I'm inclined to regard my vagueness about high finance as less discreditable.

Obviously no one understands economics.

Interesting People

MR. HECTOR McNEIL

. . . passion for foreign politics

MINISTER OF STATE in British Parliament, 37-year-old Hector McNeil is member of U.K. Delegation here for British Commonwealth Conference at Canberra. Graduate of Glasgow University, he became successful journalist, then was elected to Parliament in 1941. Soon made name as forthright debater. With a passion for foreign politics, was associate U.K. delegate to UNO and delegate to European Peace Conference.

Miss CONSTANCE MACARTNEY

. . . nursing on island

LOVE of adventure took Constance Macartney, of Perth, to job as nurse at Fort George, James Bay, off coast of Canada. She saw job advertised while visiting relatives in Canada, was not scared when she heard population consisted of seven white people, 427 Indians. Runs hospital with another nurse, doctor calls once in three months. There is mail once every two months. Pedal wireless is means of communication with mainland.

MR. FRANK HOLDSWORTH

. . . honor for chemist

RARE honor given to Australians is Fellowship of Chemical Society of London, awarded to Melbourne research chemist Frank Holdsworth, educated at Melbourne Grammar School. After service in England and Middle East during war, he took position as bio-chemist at Heidelberg Military Hospital, is now research chemist with export firm. Founded "Thirty-niners' Association" in Melbourne, which plans aid to war widows and children whose fathers were killed.

200 CUPS OF DELICIOUS TEA IN EVERY POUND OF BUSHELLS — MORE CUPS, FINER FLAVOR.

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CARELLA ALDEN, American actress and producer, explains pantomime of Thornton Wilder's "Our Town" to Whitehall Dramatic Academy students. Miss Alden will present students in play in Sydney on September 28.

Young producer tutors drama students cast in "Our Town"

★ Thornton Wilder's "Our Town," a play done in flash-back without benefit of props or scenery, will be presented at the Minerva Theatre, Sydney, on September 28 by the Whitehall Dramatic Academy.

As the play is acted on a bare stage and depends wholly on the skill of the players, American producer Carella Alden is coaching the students thoroughly in miming.

Miss Alden is an experienced actress and producer. She has appeared in a number of Broadway successes, and has produced plays in America and for the U.S. Army in Japan. She has also appeared in plays in the Occupied Areas of Europe.

"Our Town" is one of the most unusual plays ever written. It had a long run in the '30's on Broadway, with Martha Scott as the original Emily, and was revived successfully in 1943.

Its time range is 1901 to 1913, and it deals with three phases of life — birth, marriage, and death.

The leading player is the stage manager, who now and then steps forward and comments on the action of the play.

LEADING MAN Gordon Glenwright is tutored in clipped New England accent in which he talks to audience as narrator of play.

STEP-LADDER is balcony in play. Miss Alden coaches heroine Emily in scene where she helps the boy next door with his homework.

EXPLAINING VALUE of pantomime, on which "Our Town" depends, Miss Alden shows students how to pick up a bottle of milk which both audience and players must imagine is on stage.

WHILE MOURNERS are gathered around her grave, Emily joins other dead, who watch untouched the grief of the living.

The lithe line of good design — *a BERLEI True-to-type Foundation from your favourite store.*

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We're a 2 flashlight family now!

(Every time I wanted the flashlight, John had left it somewhere)

Your flashlight is so handy for soaking clothes over night if you've got no light in the laundry. Or for bringing washing in off the line if you've had to leave it out 'til after dark.

That strong, steady beam of light from Eveready dated flashlight batteries is a great help in showing guests down to the front gate — especially if there are any steep steps.

You can always see if the children are covered over without waking them. But remember your flashlight is only as good as the batteries in it. Insist on Eveready dated flashlight batteries.

Fuse boxes always seem to be in the darkest places. Make sure your hubby uses a flashlight for safety's sake when the lights fuse. When you can see you're safe.

It's only when you've got used to searching for a flashlight that you realise what a help it is.

John was always borrowing our only flashlight for the car or the toolshed — or for looking for slugs in the garden at night . . . and forgetting where he left it. Well, if a flashlight is going to be of any real use it should always be handy right on the spur of the moment.

So I gave him the flashlight we've had since the black-out and bought a new one for myself.

Of course I made sure that each flashlight had new Eveready *dated* batteries. Flashlight batteries have got to be fresh and you can see that date-line along the side of each Eveready flashlight battery *guaranteeing* freshness.

It's a very good idea to keep a flashlight specially for your car. When you go out to open the garage door . . . when you go to the boot for tools . . . when you're looking for a house number in a dark street . . . over and over again you need that flashlight. But make sure you're using Eveready *dated* flashlight batteries. Look for the date-line to make sure you're getting the strongest, longest-lasting beam of light.

The extra long-life battery

EVEREADY

TRADE-MARK

FLASHLIGHTS, BATTERIES AND BULBS.

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Three processions in plans for Royal wedding

People will have many chances to see Princess on wedding day

From ANNE MATHESON of our London staff

Three Royal Processions will go to Westminster Abbey for the wedding of Princess Elizabeth to Lieutenant Philip Mountbatten, R.N., on November 20.

Queen Mary will leave Marlborough House with a cavalry escort at 11.2 and a few minutes later the Queen and Princess Margaret will leave Buckingham Palace with an escort to take the same route.

AT 11.16 the King with the bride—Heiress Presumptive to the Throne of England—Princess Elizabeth, followed by the ladies-in-waiting and with an escort, will leave the Palace.

Rehearsals will be held a few days before the wedding to check on the timing.

At a side door of the Abbey, Lieutenant Mountbatten, accompanied by his best man (the Marquis of Milford Haven, it is thought) will arrive, and here the bridesmaids will assemble to await the arrival of the bride.

Preceded by the Dean and Canons of Westminster, the bride will move up the aisle beside her father, the King, followed by a retinue of bridesmaids and by her ladies-in-waiting.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. G. Fisher, assisted by the Dean of Westminster, will solemnise the marriage service.

It will be the short service which takes only half an hour, and the marriage register will be signed in Edward the Confessor's Chapel.

By noon the wedding ceremony will be over, and Princess Elizabeth with her Consort, accompanied by a cavalry escort, will drive to Buckingham Palace by a long route—probably Whitehall, the Admiralty Arch, the Mall, Marlborough Gate, St. James St., Piccadilly, Hyde Park Corner, and Constitution Hill.

The King and Queen and other members of the Royal Family will return to the Palace direct by Whitehall and the Mall.

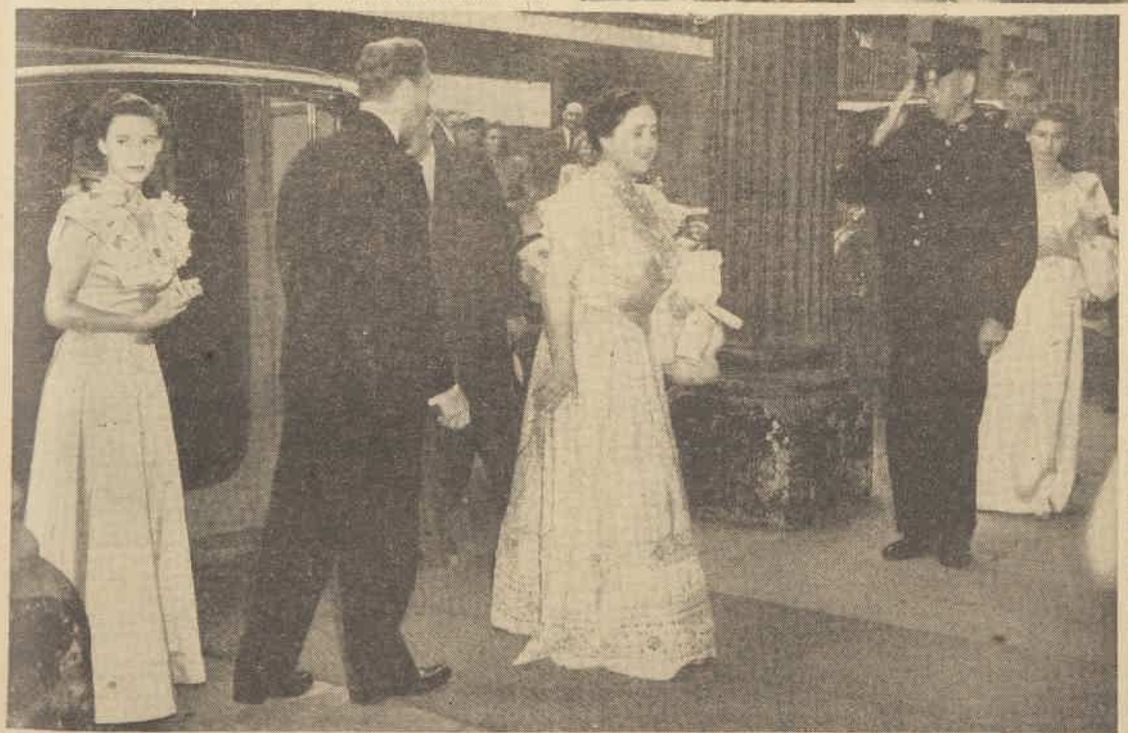
Back at Buckingham Palace, where the wedding reception will be held, relatives of the bride and bridegroom will be seated at six tables in the State dining-room.

Here the wedding cake will be cut by Princess Elizabeth with her Consort's sword.

The wedding cake will be made in Edinburgh by the firm that made the Queen's. The "icing" will probably be cardboard, as it is still illegal for wedding cakes to be iced unless the icing sugar is provided.

LIEUTENANT, the Marquis of Milford Haven, who, it is expected, will be best man to his cousin, Lieutenant Philip Mountbatten.

ON NOVEMBER 20 the King and Queen will see their daughter Princess Elizabeth and her fiance, Lieutenant Philip Mountbatten, plight their troth in Westminster Abbey, where their own wedding, pictured above, took place.



THE ROYAL FAMILY arriving at Drury Lane Theatre to celebrate the Queen's forty-seventh birthday. The show they saw was "Oklahoma!" In the right background are Princess Elizabeth and her fiance, Lieut. Philip Mountbatten.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, Dr. Fisher, will officiate at the wedding.

MAKE, BAKE AND TAKE THE CAKE WITH AUNT MARY'S BAKING POWDER.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4778853

MENU MAGIC

ELIZABETH COOKE'S Page of Tasty Recipe Suggestions

In the good old days, the Fairy Godmother changed Cinderella's pumpkin into a beautiful coach — but you won't need the Fairy Godmother around to change your pumpkin, or any other everyday foods, into exciting flavour treats.

Here's ELIZABETH COOKE, who cooks up just the delicious, practical kind of recipes you'll want to save and serve. She is cookery expert and nutrition adviser for the Kraft Walker Cheese Company.

These recipes from Elizabeth Cooke are the magic wand which will give a whole new world of sparkle and variety to your daily menus.

VEGETABLE VARIATIONS

Pumpkin is one of those good basic vegetables you're always likely to have on hand in your kitchen, and that's why it is a particularly good idea to remember that there are plenty more ways to deal with pumpkin than just plain boiling or baking.

Try Pumpkin Balls, savoury and golden brown, for a delicious vegetable variation when you are serving grills or stews.

Pumpkin Balls

½ lb. pumpkin, ½ lb. potatoes, 4 tablespoons shredded cheese, ½ oz. butter, 1 teaspoon Bonox, ½ cup breadcrumbs, pepper, salt, dash of cayenne.

Prepare vegetables and boil together in salted water. Drain well and mash with butter, Bonox, half of breadcrumbs, cheese, pepper and salt to taste. Shape into balls, dip in breadcrumbs, brown in oven and garnish with sprigs of parsley. Serves four to six.

★ ★ ★

Or find out for yourself just how delicious the day's pumpkin can be when you dress it up with a tasty fish-flavoured sauce and serve it as the main dish for a light lunch or supper menu.

Pumpkin Delight

1 lb. dry pumpkin, 4 ozs. Kraft Fish Paste, 1½ cups white sauce, pepper, salt.

Cut pumpkin into medium-sized pieces, boil and drain. Place in serving dish and keep hot. Blend Fish Paste with white sauce and seasonings and pour over pumpkin. Serves four.

Incidentally, the idea of using fish-flavoured sauce applies equally well to any other vegetables which you usually serve with white sauce, such as broad beans, celery, carrots, cabbage or cauliflower. Just make the white sauce according to your usual recipe and, while it is still cooking on the stove, add your favourite Kraft Fish Paste to taste and continue stirring until evenly blended.

★ ★ ★

Jacket Potatoes De Luxe (Illustrated)

First you take one medium-sized potato per serving, scrub clean and bake slowly in the oven until tender. This will take two-three hours, depending on the size and age of the potatoes, so best you do it along with other baking.

When the potatoes are cooked, cut off the tops, scoop out centres and mash with milk, butter and pepper and salt to taste. Now mix in one dessertspoon of Kraft Fish Paste for each potato and stir lightly until well blended. Pile the fluffy potato mixture back into the shells, return to the oven for a few minutes to make sure they're still good and hot, then serve with a garnish of parsley, or replace tops cut off potatoes.

★ ★ ★

It's always very handy to have any of the five varieties of Kraft Fish Pastes in the kitchen cupboard. They make such quick, tasty spreads for bread, toast or biscuits and they can also be used for an amazing variety of savoury cooked dishes to give extra zest to your menus, and save on meat coupons.

To keep your Fish Paste fresh after you have opened the tin, just see that it is covered and keep it in a cool place.

All good cooks, they say, should know at least a dozen ways to dish up the day's potatoes, and once you've tasted Jacket Potatoes de Luxe, they'll be a "must" for your list.

NEW LIFE FOR LEFT-OVERS

When you over-estimate the number of people to be home for dinner, or the amount they can eat, and you have quite a few left-over vegetables to dispose of, wave the magic wand and transform them into a tasty concoction to go on toast for breakfast or lunch and call it Vegetables in Savoury Sauce.

★ ★ ★

Vegetables in Savoury Sauce

1½ teaspoons flour, pinch salt and cayenne, 1 teaspoon Bonox, 4 ozs. cheese, shredded, 1 cup milk and water, 1 egg, ¼ cup left-over peas, ½ cup left-over carrots, diced, ½ cup left-over parsnips, turnips, etc., diced, sprigs of parsley.

Blend the flour, salt and cayenne and Bonox with a little milk. Blend the cheese smoothly with 1½ dessertspoons milk in top of double boiler. Add flour mixture and remaining milk. Stir till thick and cook two minutes over low heat. Cool slightly. Beat egg and add to sauce gradually. Cook 1 minute. Add left-over vegetables, stirring gently until well blended and heat through over low flame for ten minutes. Serve hot on toast with parsley garnish. Serves four.

★ ★ ★

Here's another satisfying and satisfactory way to deal with the problem of those left-over vegetables.

Fish Casserole

¾ cup milk, 1 dessertspoon cornflour, from 2 to 4 ozs. Kraft Fish Paste, 1 dessertspoon capers or sultanas, sprig of mint (optional), 1½ cups cooked mixed vegetables, ½ small onion, ½ lb. mashed potatoes, salt and pepper.

Make white sauce with milk and cornflour. Season. Add Fish Paste, capers or sultanas, mint, all vegetables except potatoes. Season. Place in greased casserole, cover with mashed potatoes and bake in hot oven 400 degrees F. for ½ hour. Serves 4 to 5.

★ ★ ★

SOMETHING *NEW* Has Been Added!

Next time you have the good old steak and kidney pie on the menu, see how much more succulent and savoury you can easily make it, by adding a dash of Bonox to the meat mixture.

You're set for a very much richer, more satisfying flavour in that pie—and it's the same Bonox which makes such an appetising hot drink.

A steaming cup of Bonox is guaranteed to give you a LIFT when you're tired and cold; stimulates the digestion, so you can get the most out of other foods you eat; and builds up resistance to colds and 'flu.

★ ★ ★

Steak and Kidney Pie

1½ lbs. steak, 3 kidneys, 2 cups water, pinch of salt, pepper to taste, 2½ tablespoons flour, 1 dessertspoon tomato sauce, 1 dessertspoon Bonox, 4 oz. Krusto, 2 tablespoons water.

Dice meat and kidneys and place in saucepan with salt, pepper and water. Bring to boil and simmer 2 hours. Mix flour to a smooth paste with a little water and add to meat. Add Bonox, tomato sauce and seasonings and simmer 10 minutes. Transfer to pie dish. Mix Krusto with water, turn on to floured board and roll out thinly to fit pie dish. Bake in hot oven until crust is golden brown. Serves four.

★ ★ ★

Meat and Vegetable Pie

1 onion, 1½ cups carrots, diced, 1 cup potatoes, diced, ½ cup peas, 1 cup stock, 1 dessertspoon Bonox, salt, pepper, 1 cup cold cooked meat, diced, 2 rashers cooked bacon, cut in pieces, Krusto pastry.

Cut up onion finely and fry in fat. Add vegetables, stock, Bonox and seasonings. Simmer until vegetables are soft. Add diced meat and bacon. Turn into casserole or pie dish, cover with pastry and bake in a moderate oven, 350 degrees F. until crust is golden brown. Serves four.

TAKE A HINT

- Screw a cotton reel on the end of a wooden spoon so that when you are making jam, pickles or soups, you can rest the spoon on the edge of the saucepan without fear of it falling in.
- To remove all the shredded apple, carrot or cheese from the grater and save waste, keep a small short-bristle brush in the kitchen and use that to speed up the job of clearing the grater.
- A piece of waxed paper around a rolling pin will save the dough from sticking and makes the washing up much easier.

SPECIAL! FRENCH TOAST

Here's an intriguing variation on the usual breakfast toast — or to serve as a mouth-watering hot snack for lunch or supper.

Beat 1 egg until foamy and add ¼ teaspoon salt. Stir in ¾ cup milk and dash of nutmeg. Turn into shallow bowl and dip thick slices of stale bread into it, setting one moist slice on top of a dry slice to soak up excess moisture.

Fry lightly in dripping till golden brown, turning once. Drain, spread with Kraft Fish Paste, slice and serve piping hot. Enough for 4-6 slices of bread.

Listen to "MARY LIVINGSTONE, M.D."

The enthralling life story of a brilliant woman doctor.

Every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday morning in all States.

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The makers of Kraft Cheese, Vegemite, Bonox, Kraft Fish Pastes and Krusto Pastry Mix.

TO-DAY'S SPECIAL FISH OFFER!

4 oz. tin KRAFT Fish Paste — only 10d SLIGHTLY DEARER IN COUNTRY DISTRICTS.

5 Grand Varieties!
1. Anchovy 2. Bonchovy
3. Scallop 4. Bloater
5. Lobster

CUT OUT THIS RECIPE

KRAFT FISH RISSOLES

1 beaten egg, 4 oz. tin Kraft Fish Paste, ½ lb. mashed potatoes, 1 dessertspoon flour, ½ small onion, salt, pepper to taste, ½ cup soft breadcrumbs.

Mix beaten egg with Fish Paste, lightly blend in seasoned potatoes, flour and onion; roll small portions in the breadcrumbs and fry in deep fat till crisp and golden brown. Serves four.

KRAFT Fish Pastes

ALSO IN ONE OZ. TINS. KF 713

SITTING PRETTY!

Lovely Ruth Sriber spends her day just "sitting pretty." Ruth is an artist's model who poses for classes at a city Art School. "I like my work," says Ruth, "but holding a pose this weather is cold work. Even with radiators going it's still cold. That's why I have a hot cup of delicious Bonox between poses to warm me up and keep 'flu away."

Bonox is a popular pick-me-up these days. Bonox pours new strength into the bloodstream . . . builds up resistance to cold and 'flu germs. A cup of hot Bonox gives you a lift. Makes you feel good too . . . combats chills and that tired feeling. Be sure of a trouble-free winter by drinking Bonox every day. Hot steaming Bonox.

K678

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Dress Sense . . .

by Betty Keep

● A new feature in The Australian Women's Weekly is Dress Sense, conducted by Mrs. Betty Keep. Object of the feature is to widen our fashion service to readers by including practical advice on their individual dress problems.

FROM the wide variety of problems that have come to me this week from readers of The Australian Women's Weekly I have selected several covering a large field.

Any readers with similar problems, who want me to help them solve their dress difficulties, should address their letters: Betty Keep, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

Skirt lengths

"I READ so much about the lengthening skirt line, I would like you to advise me what length is correct for day wear. I would also like you to tell me if the much-discussed shorter evening dress will be worn in Australia."

This is typical of a number of letters I received this week in my fashion mail, and I consider it a difficult problem for any woman to decide. More than any other single fashion, a skirt length shows the change in silhouette. Whatever time of day it is, all skirts are longer and most skirts easier.

Most American women accept 15 inches from the ground as an average daytime length.

At night in America for restaurants, theatres, and other public places, four to eight inches from the floor is worn when your escort wears dinner suit and black tie. This new length for such wear has been plugged by most American designers and accepted by most American women.

I consider it a pretty fashion and one that should appeal to practical, fashion - conscious Australian women.

In England the longest day length is 12 to 15 inches from the ground. This length is generally worn to that essentially British institution, the garden party, or any other afternoon occasion of a formal kind. In London formal evening wear is floor-length evening dress when your escort is in white tie and tails. The short restaurant dress is not popular.

In Paris, day skirts are worn longer than in the U.S.A. Christian Dior brings the graceful calf-length evening skirt into the daytime and pleats it squarely all around. His famous figure-eight silhouette features the same length for afternoon wear.

Every dressmaker in Paris is making shorter evening dresses.

A FLORAL FROCK with high neck and an attractive coat are always right for any morning or afternoon engagement in town.

I say don't accept any skirt length till you analyse your figure—then adjust the rule according to your own eye. To-day, the fashion-conscious woman realises there is no stringent rule about any fashion; the era of fashion herding is finished.

Evening two-piece

"A DINNER dress is something I need in my wardrobe, but as I do not find it necessary to wear formal evening dress more than half a dozen times in a season, I am perplexed what to choose. The point is I want the dress to last for several years, and be suitable for both summer and winter weather."

You could choose a floor-length evening skirt, plus two separate tops. It would look attractive, and at the same time give more scope than a dress. Black or dark brown taffeta would be best for the skirt. A silk printed in black and shaded beige would make a lovely summer evening blouse, and for the winter a cinnamon velvet jacket finished with gold or jewel buttons would be just right. Or you might prefer a dress with a 14 to eight-inch from the floor skirt length. This type of dress is made formal by its decolletage and material

SPRING and summer hats have never been more varied and flattering. The one above shows the new wide brim.

MRS. BETTY KEEP, who is conducting our new fashion feature Dress Sense, through which she helps readers with their dress problems.

For city jaunt

"ONE of my main entertainments is an occasional night in town. I would like to know what would be the most suitable ensemble for my visits. I live three hours by train from the city."

A printed dress and a lightweight full-length coat is the perfect ensemble for travelling to and from the city, and is versatile enough to cope with most city occasions. The dress alone could be worn with success at any luncheon to dinner-time function. The lightweight coat would be handy on a chilly evening and for between-seasons wear. Subdued print is news; grey, dark red, and black would be a nice color combination.

As the dress will quite often be worn under the coat, have it styled with a high neck and small draped sleeves, with emphasis on pleats in the skirt. A high neckline looks well under a coat; pleats and drapes are smart. The coat will button snugly at the waistline, its silhouette cut to achieve a small-waisted look. Numbers of the spring coats are finished with capes and half-capes, and many are made in coarse linens and Ottoman silks as well as smooth wools

ONE of the newest looks is the bodice top with one shoulder bare. It is specially lovely in romantic evening gowns.

Season's colors

"I AM planning my spring wardrobe and would like to know what colors are to be worn this season."

The spring color chart shows lots of neutral tones. Oyster-shell and opal grey, putty, sand, taffy, honey, and pale amber are all good. The new prints are smaller than last year's vintage, subdued and charming. Lots of greys, beiges, and cinnamon shades overlaced with black and white. This is also the season for a new interplay of color. You will see brown veiling a chalky-blue, watermelon over shell-pink, and yellow across pink.

Bodice tops

"I AM very interested in the new fashion of a bodice top leaving one shoulder completely bare. Is this new line worn in the daytime, or is it only for evening fashions? Another problem: my figure needs control. Would it be possible to have a brassiere built in the bodice or the lining of the bodice?"

One of the newest looks is the bodice top leaving one shoulder entirely bare. This new line is interpreted in play and beach clothes, late afternoon and dinner fashions, and in some of the most romantic evening dresses of the season. It is possible and successful to have a bra built into the lining of a bodice. Bodice boning is another corrective to a large bosom. The wired strapless brassiere is two good ideas in one, because, besides being a fine means of support, it's invisible under any bare-top fashion.

Spring hats

"WOULD you tell me what type of hats will be featured for spring and summer fashions?"

Rarely, if ever, have spring and summer hats been more downright flattering or more varied. A hat, this season, can be small, sweet, and flippant, or wide and handsome. Look for the newly wide beret, sailors, demure little cloches, bonnets, and hats with the brim wider from side to side. Note the straws in natural tonings, the vivid flowers, and the rich ribbon trims. Some hats are still wrapped in fine mesh veiling, and some still sprout a feather or feathers. Remember, it is a good thing to be individual about a hat; more than any other part of a costume it expresses you.

BABY BANTERS

Dental Debut

By Constance Bannister

I'm practisin' up.

'Cause I got two new teeth.

And when Granny gets here to-night . . .

I'll be all set to show off.

● GIVE KLIPPER WOOL TIES and DRESSING GOWNS and picture his pleasure on FATHER'S DAY, SEPTEMBER 7. ●

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The Girl Who Hated Girls

SEEING Tom now, standing in the doorway alone looking for her, she felt a sudden, warm excitement. She waved and he smiled as he came towards her table.

"Hello, Brenda, sorry I'm late," he said. "But I didn't feel that I could slap the boss good-bye and run out just when he was handing me a big promotion."

"Promotion!" Brenda stared up at him happily. "Oh, Tom. What?"

"Well, this is painful for a modest chap like me, but it looks as though I'm going to be——"

"Pardon you?" one of the women at the next table snorted. Tom had pulled up a chair without looking and a pile of packages scattered on the floor. The woman tightened her lips and exchanged indignant glances with her friend.

"Sorry," Tom murmured. He bent down to gather up the packages. "Anyway, Brenda, it looks as though I'm set for the job of—"

"Will you please be careful of those parcels?" the woman broke in again. "I have a very expensive bottle of perfume in there, and I'd prefer not to have it broken."

It would be fun, Brenda thought wrathfully, to get a good grip on the woman's pearl choker and twist it deep into one of those double chins. "Come on, tell me about the promotion," she said to Tom. "I can't wait. Did you get——"

"Thank you," the woman said scornfully, accepting the packages from Tom. She settled them on another chair against the wall and observed loudly, "I don't suppose there'll be anyone clumsy enough to knock them over now."

Brenda and Tom looked at each other with mute but expressive glances.

"Anyway," Tom said limply, "I'm going to be head of the whole copy writing department."

"That's wonderful, Tom! Did Blake——"

But the woman at the next table had begun another long, shrill recital. "I might as well try to talk against a brass band," Brenda muttered, and sat back while Tom ordered Scotch and soda for both of them. They sat in helpless silence until the women, after a final farewell argument with the waiter concerning their check, gathered up their purses, gloves, hats, piles of packages and swished out.

Tom watched them go, then let out a fervent sigh of relief. "What a pair!" he moaned.

"Just typical," Brenda said. She shrugged her shoulders in a gesture of distaste and anger. "I can't stand women like that. In fact, if you want me to be absolutely frank, I don't like women generally."

"They're usually pretty noisy," Tom said. "Why do women make such a racket about nothing?"

Brenda stared down at her glass thoughtfully. She remembered her father's unvaried reproach when, as an adolescent, she had done something to worry or irritate him.

"Watch out, Brenda," he'd always said. "Don't be female." Female. A word summing up all the petty, scratchy vices: jealousy, cattiness, nagging, shoving, pretence, general clutter and clatter.

"Tell you one thing," she said. "It's awful working for a woman. Women can't do anything in a businesslike way. They make a personal issue of everything."

"Darling!" Tom sprawled back in his chair and looked pained. "You don't have to tell me. Not with our Miss Bates in the office. Not a day goes by that our Miss Bates doesn't have one of the typists in tears. If she can't manage that, she sheds a few herself."

Brenda smiled at him. It was so pleasant, so comfortable to be sitting alone with him, talking lazily and yet with conviction.

"I don't think I object to anything in women as much as I do their catty conversations," she said.

Tom nodded, laughing softly.

"I get a big kick out of it sometimes," he said. "I love to hear a woman trying to be subtle. 'Oh, I'm so devoted to Jean. Of course, she's a drunkard and a liar and everyone knows she murdered her grandmother two years ago, but I do think she's a wonderful girl, and she's my very dearest friend.'"

Before Brenda could answer, the waiter stopped beside their table, put their empty glasses on his tray, and looked inquiringly at Tom.

"Want another drink?" Tom asked. "Maybe some dinner would be a better idea. I thought we could duck over to Riccardo's before the rest of the gang breaks in here. I like to have you to myself when I can manage it."

She remembered his saying that later. After dinner Tom had to go back to his office, so, above his worried protests, she caught the train home alone. The evening had been successful—it was obvious that he'd enjoyed it as much as she. Then why, she asked herself as the train roared along, did she feel a faint dissatisfaction now?

"I like to have you to myself when I can manage it," Tom had said. He had called her darling all the evening, and had finished their discussion of women by saying, "Generally, girls are a pain in the neck. At the moment, though, I can think of one startling exception." In the midst of the shoving crowd near the railway entrance he had looked as if he wanted very much to kiss her.

Brenda thought these things over carefully, examined them proudly, as if they were presents he had given her. But still dissatisfaction gnawed at her. It was all so vague, the situation between them.

What should happen next? She didn't know, never having been in love before. But she was sure that most girls knew some subtle way to propel a romance toward the right conclusion once it had started. But just how did they do it?

She remembered, with a mixture of curiosity and dislike, Aileen, one of her former room-mates. The night Aileen had met Dick, she had announced to the other girls, "That's the boy I'm going to marry."

Each night afterwards the girls had waited up impatiently until Aileen came back to report on the evening with Dick. Brenda had never joined in. It seemed like female intrigue at its worst, and she would have no part in it, but she couldn't help hearing mysterious little fragments.

"Well, I know Dick doesn't like that, so I said . . ." and "I wish you could have seen the effect that had on him. Right away, he told me . . ." Brenda wished now that she had listened to those recitals. Aileen had married Dick just three months after she had met him.

Now, as she left the train, Brenda had worked herself into a thoroughly bad mood. If I only had a good friend, she thought, a girl I really liked and trusted, to talk with about Tom, and immediately she was angry and ashamed of herself. That was the typical feminine reaction—the impulse to go to another girl and confide every detail.

She paused at the entrance to the flats to see if there was any mail for her. The box was empty. As she slammed the door shut she noticed the card: "Seven-A, Miss S. Hall, Miss J. Benson, Miss E. Lockwood, Miss B. Spencer," and she thought with sour amusement that even the card on the mailbox looked crowded, exactly like the flat.

If only she could find and afford one all to herself. She tried to picture her ideal flat as she went wearily up the stairs, but the idea of a place all to herself didn't seem half so attractive or worth imagining as one shared with Tom, an engraved card on the door announcing, "Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Sage."

Sue, Jane, and Edna were home; she could tell by the noise before she went in. Sue and Edna had dragged the dinette table over by the blaring radio and were playing rummy. Jane was on the floor nearby, joining in the conversation while she writhed around in a twisting exercise designed to take inches off the hips.

Continued from page 3

"Hello," Brenda said indifferently on her way through to the bedroom, and they replied with "hellos" of equal indifference. Long ago the relationship had been established the way Brenda wanted it—neither friendliness nor hostility, just a nice, polite blank.

The bedroom was in a mess, its usual condition. Skirts and a crumpled assortment of lingerie were heaped on chairs. Sue had spilled face powder all over the dressing-table again, and Edna had left the ironing board up.

Brenda tripped over a fallen heap of coat hangers as she went toward the bathroom. She pushed her way through a line of dripping stockings hung up on the shower rod, and then found that she couldn't wash her face because someone had left a girdle soaking in the basin.

"I am the bearer of sad tidings."

Brenda muttered some explosive criticisms to herself. Her feeling of irritation had increased until she felt like smashing something. She wanted to be alone and at peace, so she could think rationally about Tom. But everywhere she turned she tangled with noise, confusion and disorder.

"Oh, Brenda." It was Sue's voice. "I forgot to tell you. There was a phone call for you just before you came in."

Brenda tried to control her sudden eagerness. "Who was it?"

Sue's voice came from the other room, slow and maddeningly casual. "I didn't ask. Some man. He didn't leave any message."

If the call had been for Edna or Jane, Brenda reflected furiously, she would have asked. Negligence about her telephone calls was one of the little ways they had of punishing her for her reserved attitude. Brenda started to retort, bit her lip, and slammed the door as she left the bathroom.

Back in the bedroom she moved Edna's bathrobe and two of Jane's sweaters from the straight-backed chair and sat down at the desk. A pen and a sheet of notepaper lay before her, and when she looked down she saw that she had filled the sheet of paper with "Thomas B. Sage . . . Tom . . ." written line after line. She tore up the paper and sat for a moment, drumming her fingers against the desk top.

From the living-room she could hear the radio playing a lively dance tune, the sound of conversation and laughter. Under the best of circumstances, she was never friendly with her room-mates and now in her present mood they definitely annoyed her. But still, the way they had fun with each other made her feel lonely. Lonely and excluded, shut out from something.

With a short sigh, she turned back to the desk. She would, she decided, write to her father. But if she wrote to him, she couldn't say much about Tom. She could hear her father's warning tone, "Don't gush about boys, Brenda. It's such a silly, female trick."

"Dear Father," Brenda wrote at the top of a new sheet of paper and then stopped and reached automatically for his last note in the desk drawer where she kept all her letters.

Her hand searched round; it closed over a bottle of ink, a few pencils and a stack of envelopes. But no letters. She pulled the drawer open farther and searched through it. The letters were not there. She always kept them there in a single stack. She could not have misplaced them. But they were gone.

She jumped to her feet, anger boiling inside her. She jerked open the door into the living-room with such force that Sue and Edna looked up startled from their card game.

"I want to know," Brenda said icily, "who has been at my desk drawer. I want to know who has been reading my letters."

They stared up at her. They looked bewildered, then indignant.

"I haven't," they said in unison.

"Well, someone has. The letters are gone from where I always keep them. I never put them anywhere else, but they aren't there. So it's obvious that one of you has been reading them."

She paused a moment and then rushed on. "I've put up with a lot around here," she said furiously. "I've stood all the chatter you carry on constantly, the radio always full blast, and the messy way you keep the place. But I won't stand anyone reading my mail."

There was a dead, dull silence when she finished, pierced by hostile glances. Brenda clenched her hands. "I know it comes hard for girls," she said. "But I wish you'd be honest. Who did it?"

She waited through another silence. Then Sue rose to face her, her round childish face suddenly stern.

"I haven't read your letters," she said, spacing her words, "and I'm sure that Jane and Edna haven't, either. We don't read other people's mail. And if we did, it wouldn't be yours. We're not interested enough."

"Oh, don't turn this into a typical female brawl," Brenda broke in. "I know——"

"Oh, just keep calm." Sue took a step closer. "I'm telling you, no one read your letters." She walked past Brenda into the bedroom and over to the open desk drawer. "Is this where you keep them?"

Brenda nodded. She watched while Sue looked through the drawer, then pulled it all the way out and felt in the space behind it. Slowly, she pulled out a crumpled sheaf of letters.

She held them out toward Brenda, her face expressionless.

Brenda stared at them, feeling her cheeks sting. "I'm—I'm sorry," she mumbled. "They must have been pushed back there when I pulled the drawer open. I never thought to look—I'm terribly sorry."

"You ought to be. It isn't very nice, being accused of reading someone else's mail." Sue's eyes were fixed on hers. "I don't think," she said, "you would have been so eager to accuse us if we were men. You would have given a man the benefit of the doubt. But not a girl."

She slapped the letters down on the desk and walked away.

AT the door, Sue turned quickly and looked at Brenda. "While we're having this out, Brenda," she said, "I might as well tell you I'm awfully tired of your superior attitude. I'm awfully tired of the way you keep letting us know how much you dislike girls and their general traits. There's something you forgot to consider."

She drew a deep breath and then said very distinctly, "What do you think you are? A penguin?"

Then she went out and closed the door firmly behind her.

After a restless night, Brenda rose the next morning feeling more tired than she had before she went to bed. When she left the bedroom she found that Edna, Jane, and Sue were already having breakfast. They smiled politely and murmured good morning, but she was, Brenda decided drearily, being placed in a sort of refined, adult Coventry.

She wanted to apologise again for the scene of the night before, but she abandoned the idea after her first attempt at friendliness.

"Lovely morning, isn't it?" she had remarked brightly to Sue.

Sue had looked down with unusual interest at her coffee cup. "Lovely," she had replied without inflection.

Brenda had turned to Jane. "Anything interesting in the paper?"

Jane hadn't lifted her glance as she'd answered flatly, "Nothing much."

So that, Brenda thought as she gathered her things together and went off to work, was that. If they thought she would make another effort to be nice, to appease them, they were wrong. She shouldn't have accused them so hastily. She was willing to admit that. But she'd been tired and upset and made a perfectly natural mistake.

Only a bunch of girls would be petty enough to behave as Sue and Jane and Edna were behaving now. Only girls—the ghost of Sue's voice interrupted her thoughts. "What do you think you are? A penguin?" Brenda burned inwardly. All the morning, as she scowled over notes for the Cloudlike Hosiery account, she tried to think of a crushing retort to that remark.

It took a telephone call from Tom to restore her good humor. "Hey," he said, "how about having lunch with me? Got something I want to talk over with you."

He sounded rushed and excited, and Brenda felt a stir of delightful anticipation as she put down the receiver. She stared at the clock on the wall as if she could push the hands quickly to one o'clock.

Tom was already at a table when she rushed into the restaurant. She ordered the first selection on the menu, leaned toward him and asked breathlessly, "Well? What's this you wanted to talk about, Tom?"

He grinned at her, looking very pleased. "My mother and Norma get into town this afternoon. They rang me last night. Can you have dinner with us? I want you three to meet each other."

"Oh," Brenda said stupidly. She sat back. "Who's Norma?"

"My sister. She's just about your age. I know you'll like each other. You'll like mother, too."

Brenda repressed a snappish desire to retort, "Oh, will I?" Instead she said cautiously, "Why, Tom, I think it's lovely that they're coming. But wouldn't they rather be alone with you the first night they're here?"

Tom shrugged the suggestion aside. "No, they'll want to meet you. I have written a lot about you."

Oh, ho, Brenda said to herself. So that's why they're making this unexpected visit. The Family Bureau of Investigation rushing to look me over. The prospect made her squirm.

She felt her way carefully, delicately choosing each word.

"Tom," she said, "I'd like to meet them. But the idea is a little—a little frightening. It's silly, but I've always been shy about meeting people, women especially. You know, I lost my mother when I was only little, and I've never had any close friends among girls. I—I just don't know how to make conversation with them, somehow."

Please turn to page 19

Count Your Blessings —— Then Send a Donation to the SALVATION ARMY 'SELF DENIAL APPEAL' during September.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4778856

Spring song of three smart girls..

"I want a lightweight coat."

For you, a "topper" is the thing. Choose a gay colour, see that it has a flare back, sleeves which are wide, perhaps cuffed. And be sure that the fabric is wool-flannel, summer tweed, wool boucle or soft suede cloth.

"I'd like a pastel tweed suit"

A good idea, you'll get lots of wear out of it. Wool keeps its shape and size so well, resists creasing and stands up to dry-cleaning so wonderfully. And because you will have the suit for several seasons, choose a style that will not "date".

"I'm looking for a smart print"—

Then look first at the range of printed wool fabrics you will find on display in the smartest stores. Yes, printed wool! Light as a shady leghorn hat and much cooler to wear, these new wool fabrics are printed in the smartest or the gayest or the boldest designs. And they're crease-resistant, washable, quick drying and easily ironed.

GIRLS! Remember...

Wool is fashion-right. It looks better, lasts longer, wears better. Wool is naturally crease-resistant. Wool clothes keep their new smartness. Washable woollens wash well if instructions are followed faithfully. Wool fabrics and clothes require less coupons. Knitteds are coupon-free.

Inserted by The Australian Wool Board

There is no substitute for **WOOL**

7703

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NEWLYWEDS. John Williams and his bride, formerly Margaret Lance, who were recently married at St. Stephen's, Macquarie Street. Couple will make future home at "Eastlake," Uralla. Margaret is younger daughter of F. D. Lances, of Chatswood, formerly of Forbes.

LEAVING St. Mary Magdalene's Church, Rose Bay. Mr. and Mrs. T. K. ("Bill") Magney go on to reception held at home of bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Kennedy, of Bellevue Hill. Bride formerly Joy Kennedy.

TAMWORTH WEDDING. Peter Heath and his bride, formerly Judith Woollaston, leave St. John's Church, Tamworth, with flower girl Julie Everingham. Judy is daughter of P. C. Woollastons, of Tamworth. Two hundred guests entertained at Tamworth Town Hall.

Intimate Gettings

FOUR HUNDRED guests each receive small replica of new Dominion of India flag when they attend flag raising ceremony at Canberra residence of High Commissioner for India, Sir Raghunath Paranjpye.

Ceremony takes place seven and a half hours after new Dominion of India officially comes into existence.

Flag has horizontal stripes of saffron, white, and green with central blue wheel. Saffron denotes courage and sacrifice; white, purity and truth; and green denotes devotion and chivalry. Blue wheel is symbol of law of duty first promulgated by great Emperor Asoka.

After ceremony guests are served with cocktails by Sir Raghunath's daughter, Shakuntala Paranjpye. Shakuntala wears lovely pink sari, silver threaded, with posy of orchids.

Banquet is held at night at flood-lit Indian offices in Civic Centre, attended by Cabinet Ministers and their wives and members of Diplomatic Corps.

• • •

ALL SAINTS', Woollahra, chosen by Roslyn Dangar and David Ritchie, of Warranary, near Boollgal, for their marriage. Date is set for October 21, and Roslyn has brief holiday away from Sydney and trousseau shopping before returning towards end of September to finalise wedding details and take all those planned pre-wedding "do's" in her stride.

• • •

DEVON honeymoon for newlyweds Dr. John Deakin and his bride, formerly Robin Doyle, of Sydney, who were married recently in London.

HOME in Port Moresby for Ken and Valerie Roberts, who were married few days ago at St. Andrew's, Summer Hill. Ken is geologist, and arrived from Papua early this month after absence of eighteen months. After honeymoon at Jervis Bay Ken and bride, who was Valerie Reed before marriage, will leave for Moresby in September.

• • •

ROMANTIC news of Canberra's brilliant young pianist, Estelle Peters. Estelle, who left for England last year to continue studies under well-known teacher Harold Craxton, announces engagement to Roger Catlow. Estelle first met Roger when he visited Canberra as a member of R.N. Fleet Air Arm. Other news is that Estelle has accepted appointment to musical staff of Dragon School at Oxford.

THEY'RE announcing their engagements: Myrtle Latta, eldest daughter of the Snowy Lattas, of Drummoyne, to country bloke, Clive Sargent, third son of late Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Sargent, of Cherry Vale, Binalong . . . First-grade footballer Jim Zemancheff to Audrey Schubert . . . Shirley Ward, of Dulwich Hill and Manly, to Dr. Lloyd Bailey, of Earlwood . . . Yvonne Philp to Jack Crooks. Yvonne wears solitaire engagement ring.

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ROMANCE in air when Peggy Dickson, eldest daughter of the Claude Dicksons, of Narrandera, marries George Bailey at St. John's Church, Ashfield. Country guests attend from near and far, coming from bride's home town, Narrandera, Leeton, Cootamundra, Moss Vale.

ENGAGED. Julianne Mocatta and her fiance, Lieut. Robert Guyett, R.A.N., snapped as they stroll in Hyde Park when Bob visits Sydney for week-end. Julianne is elder daughter of Mrs. Karl Oom, whose husband, Commander Oom, leaves with Wyatt Earp expedition to Antarctic at end of year. Bob is only son of the A. E. Guyetts, of Magill, Adelaide.

NEW NURSERY. Mrs. Winston Smith hands round tea at opening of Erskineville Nursery School to Mrs. H. H. McNall, president of branch; Minister for Labor and Industry and Social Welfare, Mr. Hamilton Knight; and president of Day Nursery Association, Mrs. W. P. McElhone.

HONEYMOONERS. Mr. and Mrs. Michael Patkin, of Melbourne, lunch at Prince's with Mrs. B. J. Knollena (right). Mrs. Patkin was formerly Margaret Meares, daughter of Engineer-Commander and Mrs. Meares, of Melbourne.

BRIEFLY. Met Nedra Levy trousseau shopping and shoe queueing at David Jones' in new shoe department. Nedra plans marriage with Jim Coleman on September 30 . . . Fashions for matrons in hats. Mrs. Sep Levy and Mrs. W. A. Anderson at Simon Barere's concert at Town Hall look elegant. Mrs. Levy in black velvet toque with scarlet velvet trim and wonderful feather. Mrs. Anderson with three osprey feathers, mauve, black, and blue, nodding in time to music on her black felt model . . . Beulah Bolton's elephant buttons. Buttons, made in shape of elephants, sent from friend in East. . . . Future home in Japan for Betty Luke, who marries Lieut. Bruce Robinson at St. Stephen's Church, Chatswood. Betty and Bruce will live at Avalon Beach until Bruce leaves for Japan next month. Betty will follow him over there.

• • •

RETURNED from honeymoon at Lapstone Hotel and settling into flat at Kirribilli are the Stan Healys, who were married recently at St. Mary's Cathedral. Bride formerly Lynne Sellick.

• • •

INTERESTING arrivals in Sydney from England, Mr. Alfred Mase, accompanied by his wife and daughter. Mr. Mase has been superintendent for twenty-eight years of the medical department at St. Dunstan's, the well-known training centre for soldiers blinded in the first and second world wars. They are staying with Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Jackson, of Avalon Beach.

MY London newshound writes me there are sighs of relief from Lamidey family, formerly of Canberra, who are now settling into their flat at Sydenham, London. It's taken them a year to find it, to say nothing of their long search for furniture. When Mr. and Mrs. N. W. Lamidey arrived a year ago from Australia with their two daughters, Margot and schoolgirl Barbara, all their furniture had been ruined by salt water on journey over from Australia, so it was right back to laws for them.

Margot is very anxious to get properly settled, as she is longing to have party for all her Australian friends who are also in London. Mr. Lamidey is migration officer at Australia House, and pretty Margot is also working there.

• • •

BELIEVE the Edward Knox (she was Lorna Searl) have acquired a smart residence in Beecham Street, Knightsbridge, where they intend to open a flower shop.

• • •

OFF to Royal Adelaide Show is Mrs. Fred Chenhall, of Potts Point. Formerly Phyllis Bray, of Adelaide, Mrs. Chenhall is noted horsewoman, and has judged at several horse shows in New South Wales recently.

Joyce

YOUNGER SET. Valda Marks (left), Ruth Arnold, and Judy Cutler, who are among organisers for first annual ball in aid of Deaf, Dumb, and Blind Institution for Children. Ball will be held at Trocadero this Tuesday.

TO BE MARRIED IN LONDON. Peggy Filshie lunches with her mother, Mrs. H. J. Filshie, of Manly, at Prince's, before leaving for marriage with Peter Mauritz in London.

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The Girl Who Hated Girls

Continued from page 16

BUT Tom didn't help her much. "Of course, darling, I know what you mean," he said. "But mother and Norma, well, they aren't like most girls."

He paused and then added, "So it's all settled? We'll pick you up at your flat about six."

The trap was sprung. Brenda managed a smile in reply, but she was miserable and mute. She would need the very best of circumstances to have a chance with Mrs. Sage and Norma. And the icy glances of her room-mates and the resulting frigid atmosphere wouldn't qualify as the best of circumstances.

The afternoon dragged on. While her fingers automatically typed out paragraphs of praise about Cloud-like Hosiery, Brenda shuddered over the coming evening.

Tom was obviously very fond of his mother and sister. He would value their opinion. She could hear Mrs. Sage: "She seems quite nice, dear. But—"

By leaving the office early, she managed time to put the living-room in order and dress before six o'clock. Sue, Jane, and Edna weren't home by a quarter to six. Brenda began to hope that she and the Sages could leave before they came in.

Just then the doorbell rang. The Sages had arrived.

The flurry of introductions went off easily enough. But when they were all seated in the living-room, a cautious sort of quietness set in. Mrs. Sage and Norma sat up straight, smiling with determination but saying little. Only Tom sprawled relaxed in the easy chair—waiting, Brenda thought, with a feeling of utter helplessness, for me to start making a hit.

She looked at Mrs. Sage and smiled. "Would you like a drink?"

Mrs. Sage smiled back. "I don't think so, thank you. Not just now." Brenda turned her smile toward Norma. "And you?"

"Not just now," Norma echoed. "Mother and I had such a hectic train trip and I—" her voice trailed away.

"Was it a bad trip?" Brenda asked, then added inanely, "there's nothing worse than a tiring train trip, is there?" Mrs. Sage and Norma both agreed politely.

"This is certainly a nice flat," Mrs. Sage offered, after a few moments.

"Oh—" Brenda began, and then stopped, unable to think of anything to attach to that simple-sounding "oh." She glanced over at Tom. He was looking a little puzzled. I can't help it, she cried silently to him. I just don't know how to get things going.

She looked back at Mrs. Sage and searched desperately for a good chatty topic. Mrs. Sage still had a smile pinned to her face, but her eyes looked remote.

The silence was gathering force. It was spreading thickly through the room, like something tangible. Mrs. Sage was pleating her handkerchief into neat little squares. Norma was searching aimlessly through her purse. Tom sat and looked baffled.

Brenda cleared her throat. She was just about to launch a provocative statement about the weather when she heard a key grate in the lock of the hall door. The girls were home.

To Brenda, the sound of the key turning was the voice of doom. Mrs. Sage and Norma had already had a good view of her as the uninspired and uninspiring hostess. Now to complete the debacle they would see her in the role of social leper. Sue, Jane, and Edna had the perfect chance for revenge tossed in their laps. There was nothing she could do but sit and wait.

The girls came bouncing into the living-room in a whirl of conversation, and then stopped short.

"Mrs. Sage," Brenda said swallowing, "my room-mates . . . Sue Hall, Jane Benson, Edna Lockwood. And Norma Sage. And this is Tom . . ."

There were general smiles and nods. Tom had risen from his chair, and Brenda saw the girls glance at him and then at her, obviously sizing up the situation.

"Well," Sue cried. "This is perfectly lovely. A fine excuse for a little impromptu party, just what we were in the mood for, wasn't it, Edna? Jane, do go into the kitchen and rustle up something. We ought to celebrate." She had dropped in to a chair beside Mrs. Sage.

"We've been wanting to meet Tom for such a long time," she said. "From Brenda's description he sounds like such a fabulous person."

Brenda sat back, stiff with amazement, and watched Mrs. Sage's smile change from a polite expression into something real and warm. Actually, she had never said anything to Sue about Tom.

"Are you here for long?" Edna asked Norma. She had pulled a chair up near her. "Have you been in any of the shops yet?" And immediately the two of them were deep in a discussion of current fashions and debating the length of skirts.

"What's your bet, Brenda?" Edna called. "Brenda," she explained to Norma, "is our stylist round here. She has such wonderful taste in clothes, she always makes me feel a little moth-eaten."

Brenda turned and stared at Edna. Her only occasion to discuss clothes with Edna, she remembered, was the time she had refused to lend her a lace blouse she had coveted for an important evening.

Jane came back from the kitchen. She set a tray down on the coffee table. "Here we are," she said gaily. "Gin slings for those who do, tomato juice for those who don't. And some cheese and biscuits I found hidden away in the cupboard."

Suddenly Brenda found herself the hostess of a flourishing little party. The girls did all the work, but they kept the emphasis on her.

By such casual remarks as, "Now, Brenda, don't you do a thing—you've done all the work round here long enough," they built a glowing picture of her as the perfect friend, companion, and housekeeper, and presented it to Mrs. Sage.

She took a deep drink from her glass. Tom was smiling at her, the puzzled look gone from his face. Over in a corner, Edna and Norma were still chatting with animation.

"I've always been interested in advertising," Brenda heard Norma say, and Edna replied warmly, "Well, you'll certainly have to talk to Brenda about it. She's a marvel at copy writing . . ."

Brenda looked at her room-mates; for the first time she looked at them as individuals, instead of a collection of objectionable feminine traits. She had lived in this crowded flat with them for over eight months, yet she did not know them at all. Haughtily she had classified them and condemned them and left them alone. They had no reason to like her. And yet here they were helping her when she needed help.

With determination Brenda joined in. She moved nearer to Mrs. Sage. Conversation went more easily now that she saw Mrs. Sage as a pleasant, comfortable-looking woman, instead of an awesome influence labelled Tom's mother. Perhaps, Brenda thought, that was the trick—to deal with people singly—as they were, instead of sweeping them into groups.

She was as surprised as anyone else when suddenly Tom roared, "Eight o'clock! They won't hold our reservations much longer — we'll have to rush."

While the rest of the group gathered at the door, Brenda murmured something about getting her gloves and followed Sue into the bedroom. She wanted to say a great many things. But she only said, and she was aware that for the first time in her life she sounded humble, "It was wonderful of all of you. But after the way I've behaved—why did you do it?"

Sue smiled and patted her shoulder in a gesture of comradeship. "Don't give it a thought," she said. "There are always times when we girls have to stick together."

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WORTH Reporting

MADAME MARIE RAMBERT, creator of the famous English "Ballet Rambert," which begins an Australian season in October, believes every woman who is an artist should be married.

"It gives her security and an anchorage, and she ought to have children," Madame Rambert told Bill Strutton, of our London staff.

Madame Rambert, who is nearly 60, is the wife of the English dramatist and producer, Ashley Dukes, who is now in Germany as head of the theatre and music section of the Allied Control Commission.

He professes to have a horror of ballet.

"In fact, he is the biggest ballet-hater I know," smiled Madame Rambert. "He used to be very keen about it, but since both our daughters have gone into ballet the conversation at breakfast tends to become a little one-tracked.

"To stick up for his beloved theatre, he pretends to be sickened by our conversation.

"Still it is mainly a family joke. My husband bought up a block of seven houses opposite our original parish hall, and converted it, with the profits of a successful play, into the Mercury Theatre, where I could present my ballets and he could present new plays."

Critics, who once said that these married partners were mad to present their joint venture to such small audiences in such an out of the way centre, now talk of the Mercury Theatre as a "memorial to the success of their partnership."

Madame Rambert is the pioneer of English ballet and started the first English school of ballet in a London studio in 1920.

Russian-Polish by birth, she is English by sentiment.

During and since the war the "Ballet Rambert" has so grown in popularity that it has come to rival even Sadler's Wells.

Madame Rambert will fly to Australia ahead of her company to fulfil lecturing and teaching engagements in Melbourne. The season will open there in October.

* * *

AN advertisement in the Australian Nurses' Journal describes a modern ten-bed hospital for sale in a country town. After mentioning various modern advantages, it ends, "Hospital always full and very profitable."

It's an ill wind . . .

Postgraduate course

WHEN we went down to the motor vessel Priam, berthed in Sydney, to call on Norman Smith, Oxford graduate, who expects to be ordained next year for the Anglican ministry, we found him busy polishing brass.

He wore an un-ironed clean white shirt, navy-blue cotton working trousers, and thick boots.

Norman, who is 24, comes from Epsom, Surrey. He is boyish-looking, dark-haired, and hazel-eyed.

Pausing in his polishing, he told us in his quiet, obviously Oxford accent:

"I graduated from Oxford last year and I'm ready for Holy Orders as far as examinations go, but I thought I'd like to be a working man before trying to set myself up as a spiritual adviser.

"I want to be a missionary in China and Japan, so I signed on as a seaman in the Priam because I think I should train myself for hard work."

He described the crew of the Priam as a "great bunch of fellows."

"Of course, they have a language all their own, but I expect to hear a lot of strong words before I die.

"I want to work hard because these days you've got to be pretty realistic to get your message across."

At this point he bowed a politely rapid farewell and raced off to the bow of the Priam to answer an authoritative "Hey, Norman!"

Animal Antics

"Lucille is having an awful time with her Pig Latin."

Parcels for France

A LETTER in our mail recently excited some voluble comment from our French mannequins when an interpreter read it to them.

It was from Norma Laidlaw, of Boolaroo, N.S.W., and asked their advice on the best goods to send to a friend living in Montpellier, in the south of France.

The French girls have sent a number of parcels to their relatives and friends, and they gave their advice without any hesitation.

"Wool," they said together, very seriously.

"Always wool first, because it is so badly needed, then tinned goods and coffee."

The girls, incidentally, have said little about food shortages in France, but every shopping expedition they make includes visits to grocery departments.

Ready to wear

MISS NANCY PANCOURT, who has worked for two years at an U.N.R.R.A. camp at Augsburg, Germany, which sheltered 14,000 displaced persons, tells us she felt very proud of Australia one wintry day.

"For months we had worked hard sorting, mending and cleaning the welcome but untidy bundles of clothing we received from various countries," she said.

"But one very cold day a huge bundle of woollies arrived from Australia in perfect condition, and we were able to distribute them immediately.

"And that bundle was no flash-in-the-pan, because all subsequent clothing supplies from Australia were in an equally good condition."

Miss Pancourt, who returned to Australia recently, was formerly chief almoner at the Queen Victoria Hospital, Melbourne.

THE LITTLE SCOUTS

"I am not scared. I'm just running so you won't be embarrassed."

Leader of fashion?

LONDON designers of men's clothes have deplored the fact that for a decade or so there has been no one to lead world fashions in styles for men, and they are hoping that Lieutenant Philip Mountbatten will take this lead.

As the King dresses in a quiet and conservative style, there has been no international personality original or outstanding enough to lead men's fashions since the days when the Duke of Windsor was Prince of Wales.

The war years naturally did not provide any chance for sartorially conscious men, since uniform gave no scope for acceptable individual variations.

Tailors and cloth manufacturers, hosiers, and designers of ties are all convinced that Lieutenant Mountbatten has all the appearance of a man who cares about his clothes, being very particular about line and fit, and they believe that when he has more scope he may give new originality and style to men's rather sober attire.

Already Lieutenant Mountbatten has shown considerable interest in Princess Elizabeth's wardrobe, and rumor has it that she is submitting to him for approval and comment many of the couturiers' designs for her trousseau ensembles.

Led expedition

DR. THOR HEYERDAHL, leader of the Kon Tiki raft expedition which has drifted from the coast of Peru to the Tuamotu Islands in mid-Pacific, is only 32.

But the young ethnologist had already faced many perils before he resolved to test the theory that the Pacific Islands were originally settled by people who migrated there from South America on drifting rafts.

He was a parachutist with the Allied Forces in World War II and took part in campaigns in Norway.

Previously he lived in the Marquesas, studying local pottery and other arts, tradition and religion of the inhabitants, which he found to have points in common with the primitive inhabitants of Peru before the Incas.

He is one of the most modest of men, and though American newspaper files on his now famous expedition grow fat, there are only a few words about its originator, Dr. Heyerdahl.

Flutter in chicken-coop

FLOWER shows and garden fetes for charitable causes are in full swing in England.

As usual, they are providing lots of fun for their organisers and very mild entertainment for their victims. But they are an inexhaustible topic of conversation in all the villages round about.

For instance, Weston, in Hertfordshire, was all of a-twitter when a mouse ate the mushroom exhibit at the flower show, and the show at Bourne End, in Buckinghamshire, ended in a near riot at the inn when it was discovered that the winner of the poultry prize had hired his cockerel and six hens from a farmer in another county.

The chicken farmer who really owned the birds has been doing a roaring trade in hiring out his fowls for exhibition at fetes in other places.

Rumor has it that his fees include a hire charge, all costs for cartage, and a percentage of the prize-money!

There is nothing finer than a STROMBERG-CARLSON . . . . Radio, room heaters, washing machines, super cooker

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Never too old to be a bride!

LEAD THE LIFEBUOY LIFE

See if you don't have more friends, more fun, more romance when you bathe daily with the one soap specially made to stop "B.O." With its special health ingredient, Lifebuoy gives *lasting, all-over* protection, and that's what you need in cool weather as well as hot.

W 704 22

[ADVERTISEMENT]

IF ants are as hard-working as they're cracked up to be, how come they show up at every picnic I've ever been to?

* * *

B'rrh! It's nasty getting up these frosty mornings. Which reminds me—who **was** the wise guy who said the amount of sleep required by the average person is about ten minutes more?

* * *

"Australia's Amateur Hour" discovery, crooner John O'Connor, long-record-holder with 12,270 votes polled in Melbourne two years ago, gets special credit in present Sydney Tivoli show. He's the lone Aussie among a team of top-line American talent—and holding his own very nicely, thank you.

* * *

Met a swoonette brunette t'other day. Nice! She always manages to look such a chic chick. A French woman showed her how. Says her secret is never to be first in a fashion, nor last out of it. Think it over, girls!

* * *

And speaking of French women—if you're a lady who looks her best in a suit . . . if you plan one for Spring . . . then it must be a **printed** suit. Yes, it must. Paris says so.

* * *

Listen, you girls who slave over a damp sink day after day! Your I'll old Newshound doesn't guarantee to make you LOVE washing dishes. But you'll only hate it half as much if you use Rinso!

* * *

Uncle Rube says there's no doubt women are cleverer than men. "Only a woman," chuckles Unk, "can make a man think she is fascinated by his talk about himself, and at the same time plan her Spring wardrobe."

* * *

"Surprise Party" pianist, Marie Ormston, says Bela Kanitz is Australia's best pianist. That's praise from Marie, when she's rated way up top herself. At 13 Bela started out in Europe as a concert pianist, switched to jazz, completed three years in a Jap prison-camp, and is now hotting it up for Australian audiences. He and his Quintet turn on something special in this week's "Surprise Party."

* * *

Pound notes don't go as far as they used to. But at least they go faster.

* * *

Jeepers, but are some women crazy! One of the sweetest crackpots I know thinks those liquid stockings are POSITIVELY dangerous. Says she tried some and had an AWFUL time getting her leg out of the bottle.

Cheers dears,

Woof

I'll be right when she sees this RINSO.

IT'S A GIFT FOR WASHDAY
RINSO'S THICKER, RICHER SUDS
TO SAVE ALL RUBBING

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Circumstantial Evidence

Continued from page 4

THE old clerk gave him a reproving look. "It isn't that, sir," he said severely. "After all, there were many who stayed behind while you were fighting out there. They don't all forget."

Armitage shrugged and went back to his papers. No use arguing with Stace, he reflected. He himself had never liked Denis Sands. Unfair, of course. Rheumatic fever had left Denis with a slightly "dicky" heart. He'd been a tower of strength on the home front, splitting fees for the briefs which would have found their way to Armitage.

"I don't know what we'd have done without Denis," Jean had written more than once. "He's keeping your practice alive. The other evening, when I was feeling blue and missing you terribly, he rang me up and we went to a theatre . . ."

Yes, Denis had been a good scout. And nobody could have been kinder and more helpful when Armitage came back, morosely certain that he couldn't bridge that gap of six years.

"Sheer bilge!" he had boomed. Somehow, he had managed to coax Stace back out of retirement. Now one of the new "silks" himself—and still on the sunny side of forty—he had tactfully steered junior briefs towards Armitage's chambers.

Yet, unreasonably perhaps, the old tang had gone out of their friendship. Armitage found himself withdrawing into a shell against the newly blossomed K.C.

It wasn't that he was in the least envious of Denis' new car, or the beautiful house he had bought. In the corner of his mind, although he would never have admitted it to himself, a tiny alarm bell had jangled viciously whenever Jean mentioned Denis' name in her letters.

After all, they had been practically engaged at one time. If I hadn't butted in she'd be married to him now, thought Armitage, instead of being tied to a crock who's lost confidence in himself. He tamped down the tobacco in his pipe, lit it thoughtfully and then settled down to the brief.

The clock on the mantelpiece was striking nine before he realised that he had forgotten about dinner. He dialled the home number and Jean's voice drifted over the wire.

"Sorry, I'll be late, darling." He laughed. "I'll pick up a sandwich at the club. Don't wait up for me. Very good news." He replaced the receiver with a grin and slumped into an armchair. He puffed slowly on his pipe.

Of course, all the evidence in this case was circumstantial, but that was no handicap. He remembered an old tag and scribbled it down on his brief.

"Witnesses can lie; circumstances cannot." Might come in handy in his final speech to the jury.

In his mind's eye he already saw himself in court pointing an accusing finger at the wretched youth shrinking in the dock.

Phrases flicked through his mind. "This man whom you had been robbing for months. A cunning tissue of lies to cover a cold-blooded murder."

He began to anticipate the defence. Those bulging pockets which the liftman had noticed . . . Thompson would swear that he was taking away his own property; the brushes, cup and saucer, ashtray and so on. But would any level-headed jury believe that old Fleming had given him ten pounds after he had fleeced the firm for three hundred?

Armitage sniffed at the idea.

A sudden doubt twitched in his brain. It was the only possible way the accused could explain away possession of the notes when he was picked up. Armitage frowned. This murderer was no fool. He must have worked quickly to get rid of the rest of the money. And where was that sheaf of invoices?

Armitage leaned forward with his chin cupped in his hand. Those invoices . . . Naturally, Thompson would destroy them. Once it was discovered that he had really faked the accounts, he was as good as hanged. Perfect motive for murder . . .

Yet it was difficult to believe that this boy, desperately anxious, "face white as putty," could have acted coolly enough to hide the money and destroy those invoices in so short a time. He had been arrested at nine-thirty, only a little more than two hours after he had murdered Howard Fleming.

He shook himself irritably. Already he was condemning the accused without weighing the evidence on the other side. Although he was prosecuting, it was his duty to be as cool and impartial as the man on the Bench.

Armitage came down to breakfast next morning with a throbbing head. Jean was smiling as she pointed to the newspapers beside his plate.

"I sent out for them all," she said triumphantly. "Look at this one!" She flipped open a paper and he found himself staring at two photographs, his own and Denis'.

"Well, I'm dashed!" he muttered. So they'd briefed Denis for the defence. "He's on the losing side this time," he grinned.

"Don't count your chickens, dear," teased Jean. "I still don't think that boy did it. Anyway, win or lose, it's marvellous publicity."

To the student of advocacy the trial provided a most interesting contrast in styles. Sands, K.C., hammered at the suggestion that his client had been "framed."

Pointing at young Thompson, who seemed to be on the verge of collapse, he poured scorn on the suggestion that such a youth could have planned the murder, destroyed all the relevant evidence, and concocted such an elaborate story.

He was relentless in discrediting Perry, the junior partner. More than once he was pulled up sharply by His Lordship.

"I will not have a witness accused of murder, Mr. Sands," he repeated primly.

Denis bowed and returned to the attack with more subtle innuendo.

"Is it true that you owed your bookmakers two thousand pounds? Were you not in a better position than the prisoner to forge those invoices?" Again and again he was checked by the Bench, but it was plain that the witness was not impressing the jury.

But perhaps the most startling feature of the trial was prosecuting counsel's address to the jury.

"This is a case based on circumstantial evidence," he said quietly. "You will not convict unless you are certain of the prisoner's guilt beyond all shadow of doubt. The question revolves on the one point. Who was guilty of embezzling the firm's money? That person destroyed the invoices. And he murdered Howard Fleming."

The judge congratulated Armitage on his scrupulously fair handling of the case. Even the newspapers, busily reporting the sensational news of Perry's arrest, found space to pay tribute to counsel for the prosecution. Armitage, alone, could have enlightened them about his dramatic change of front.

He was working late in his chambers the night before he made his final speech to the jury. Suddenly he realised that he had run out of tobacco, and, of course, all the shops would be closed. But Denis was working late, too, he fancied. If so, he could borrow some tobacco from him.

Denis was just leaving his chambers.

"Help yourself, but be sure to lock the door after you," he said airily, making off rather hurriedly. And it was as Armitage helped himself to tobacco that he saw the cigarette-case under some papers. Jean's cigarette-case . . . the one he'd given her just after he came back from the war. She and Denis . . .

He stumbled blindly down the narrow staircase, numbed by the shock.

Jean had gone to bed when he got home, but she was still awake.

"I've left some sandwiches and a thermos in the kitchen," she whispered.

"Thanks," he said stiffly.

"And, by the way, darling," she called after him. "I can't keep the secret another minute. Denis and I have been planning a surprise for you: You're to be guest of honor at a dinner on Saturday night. Denis is the host." She laughed in the darkness.

He gulped, thankful that she couldn't see his face.

"I spent ages with him working it all out in his chambers to-night," she went on. "He's quite unscrupulous, you know, dear. He's only asked people who are likely to be of any use to you."

He came back, grinning, munching a sandwich.

"Do you think they'll find that boy guilty?" she asked.

"I don't know," he mumbled. "To coin a cliche, my dear, circumstances alter cases." He bent down to kiss her. "Now, let's forget murder! Please!"

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Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 1068W, G.P.O., Sydney.

What's on your mind?

New deal needed for aborigines

SURELY it is time some attempt was made to deal with one of the most urgent problems facing Australia—the future of our colored people, full-blooded and half-caste.

Attempts to rear colored and white children together raised a storm of protest among the white population at Collarenebri, N.S.W. It has proved itself to be a system which breeds only contempt on the one hand and hatred on the other.

The only realistic way of approaching the problem would seem to be to allow our aborigines their own separate community, with schools, shops, town council, and a theatre.

They could have their own farms, gardens, etc., assisted at first by our Government, and these would foster self-respect and civic pride.

Living in their own communities would lessen to a large degree the chances of inter-marriage, which is the cause of the present trouble. Aborigines have as much right to be good, honest citizens as the whites.

One of the saddest aspects of the question is the half-caste child, such as those in Liverpool, England, who did not ask to be born with such a disadvantage, and deserve all our help.

A separate community for aborigines is the only answer to this pressing problem.

£1 to Mrs. F. Bertrand, 144 Gaffney Lane, Railway Town, Broken Hill, N.S.W.

Women drivers

WHY are people so prone to put the blame on women drivers whenever there's any question of a traffic breach or an accident? It's time that hackneyed remark, "What can you expect with a woman driver?" was shown up in all its stupidity.

Women may cause minor hold-ups in the traffic because of over-carefulness in driving, but they are rarely responsible for the serious smashes. A far greater percentage of accidents on the roads are caused by men who enjoy speeding or have had "one over the eight."

The prejudice against women drivers seems a hangover from the days when women had no chance to try for equality in any field. But it's a little out of date now.

5/- to Mrs. D. Taylor, Warrabel Rd., Lower Ferntree Gully, Vic.

READERS are invited to write to this column, expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 250 words in length, to "What's On Your Mind?" c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 9. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published above pen-names.

Payment of £1 will be made for first letter used, and 5/- for others.

The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers to this column, and unused letters cannot be returned.

Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Hold that thief

AS a curb to the number of snatch-and-run robberies which take place in jewellery shops, a scheme in operation in many U.S.A. banks might be introduced effectively here.

Should a thief snatch up rings or watches from a tray, the shop

assistant has only to press a button on the counter for an automatic steel grille to slide across the doorway and bar all escape.

It can be effected very quickly—and the thief is caught.

5/- to L. S. James, c/o L. D. Gilmour, George St., Haymarket, Sydney.

Garbage tins

I WOULD be interested to know how long it will be before district councils resume the collection of garbage tins from the backyards of houses. The present system, where housewives have to carry the tin to the front gate, is becoming intolerable.

As a wartime measure to reduce labor it was accepted uncomplainingly. Surely it is now time to restore a service which would obviate a great deal of trouble for the householder.

5/- to Mrs. S. Crisp, 82 Waratah St., Seacliff, S.A.

A happy breed

I WAS astonished at Mrs. B. Tully's statement (9/8/47) that "we seem to be rearing a race of neurotics and malcontents" when it comes to facing up to hard work, and I must emphatically disagree with her.

The amount of work the average housewife does in one day can command nothing but respect. In addition to keeping a neat, tidy home, serving balanced meals and rearing a family, she manages both to look smart and to take an intelligent interest in current affairs.

With all due respect to our pioneers, I think the people of this generation not only play harder, but also work harder. Thanks to the Press, radio, and films, our horizons have broadened.

Rather than being neurotics and malcontents, the present generation seem to me happier and better adjusted than their forefathers ever were.

5/- to Mrs. A. Holding, 104 Rifle Range Rd., Gympie, Qld.

Nursery classic

I THOUGHT your readers might be interested in the origin of the nursery classic, "Sing a Song of Sixpence," which American baritone John Charles Thomas has made so popular.

The four and twenty black birds are the hours, the pie that holds them is the underlying earth, covered by the arch of the sky. "When the pie is opened" is the daybreak, marked by the singing of the birds, and the king is the sun, counting his money and pouring out sunshine.

The queen is the moon, and the honey is moonlight. The maid is the rosy-fingered dawn who rises before the sun, her master, and hangs out her clothes—the clouds across the sky.

While the particular black bird who so tragically ends the tale by nipping off her nose is—the hour of sunrise.

5/- to Paula FitzGerald, 187 Moray St., New Farm, Brisbane.

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Intrigue — suspense — mystery — thrills . . . from page 1 to page 148 the latest edition of the new monthly mystery, is packed with absorbing reading. Don't forget, order it EVERY month!

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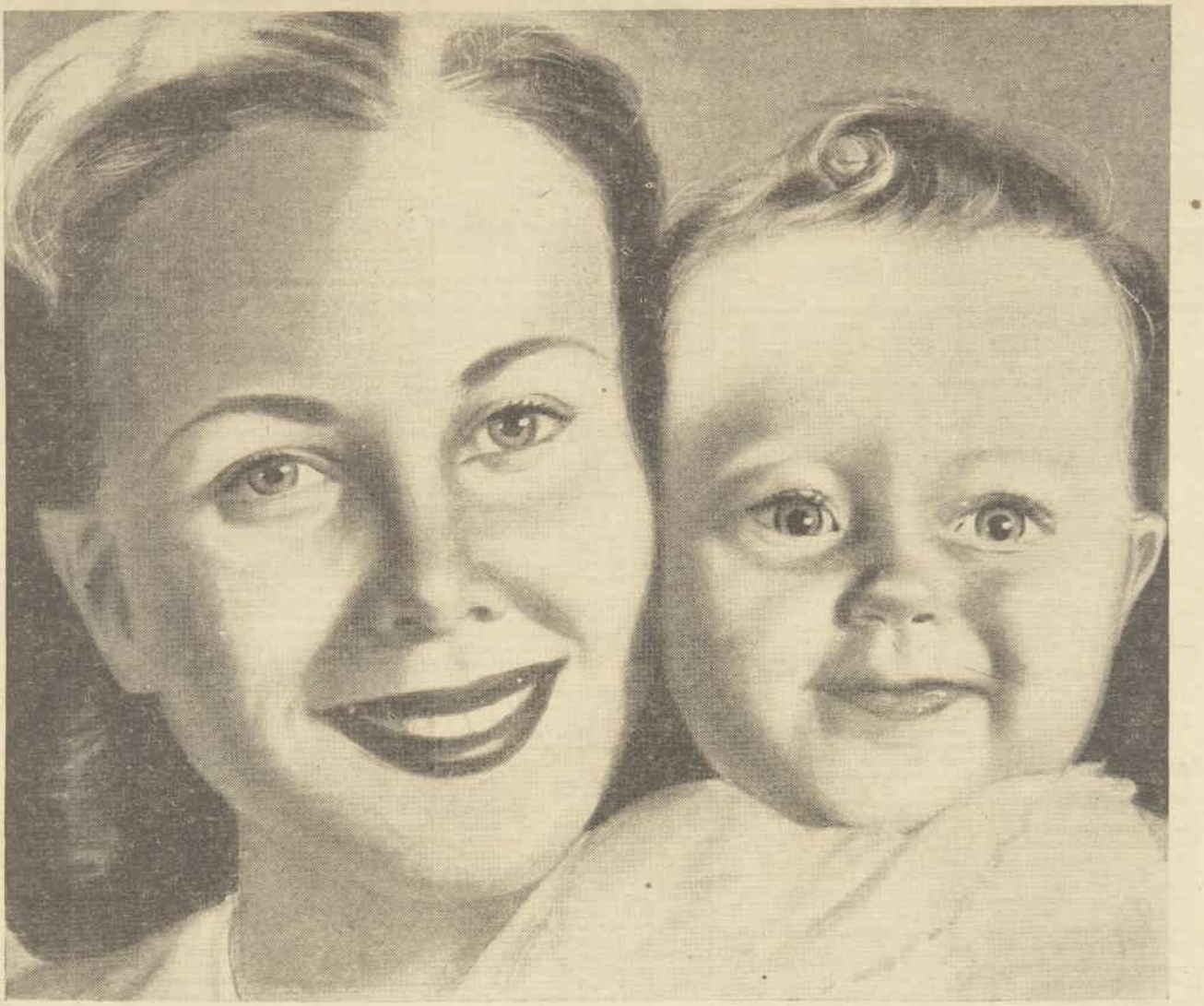

THANK YOU, DOCTOR

we've never felt better in our lives

The satisfaction of bringing mother and baby through this wonderful time with radiant health to them both is a pleasure experienced by every thoughtful physician.

Quite a lot of discomfort for the expectant mother is caused by the unusual pressure on internal organs and the interruption of regularity that is so essential to her ease and freedom from headaches and fatigue. Physicians have come to rely on Ford Pills as a safe and gentle laxative during this period because Ford Pills act gently in eight to twelve hours. They do not cause depression, or griping, nor do they upset baby or flavour the milk of nursing mothers.

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As I Read the STARS

by JUNE MARSDEN

IMPORTANT days are ahead for most Virgoans, Taurians, and Capricornians now, with the emphasis on domestic improvements, love affairs, and legal contracts.

Members of these groups should make the most of opportunities, and be decisive in their actions.

Sagittarians, Geminians, and Pisceans, however, should live quietly during the present period, and dodge quarrels and upsets.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week. For Perth time subtract two hours, for Adelaide time subtract 30 minutes. Other States as below:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Avoid over-confidence now, and consolidate recent gains. August 26 (to midday) good; 27 and 28 poor. Sept. 1 (to dusk) helpful.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Seek promotions and gains now. August 26, 27 (after 8 a.m.), and 28 all very helpful; Sept. 1 (after 7 a.m.) very good.

GEMINI (May 23 to June 22): Beware impatience and dodge change on August 26 (to noon), 31, Sept. 1 (forenoon), and 2. Routine tasks advised this week.

CANCER (June 23 to July 23): Concentrate on minor matters now. August 26 (after midday), 27, and 28 all upset-ting; Sept. 1 (to midday) adverse, then quite helpful.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Consolidate past gains now. August 26 good, so use well. August 29, 30 (to 5 p.m.), and 31 (early) all poor. Sept. 2 (to 9 a.m.) helpful.

VIRGO (August 24 to Sept. 23): Difficulties predominate now, so be wary. Patience and caution pay well on August 26, 30, Sept. 1 and 2. Keep to routine tasks.

LIBRA (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24): Slight opportunities possible on August 26 (forenoon), 31 (to 8 a.m.), Sept. 1 (to 7 p.m.), and 2 (early). Rest of week poor, so live quietly then.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): A helpful week. August 26 (daylight), Sept. 1 (after 10 a.m.) and 2 (early) all good for minor matters. Rest of week difficult.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 to Dec. 22): Live quietly now, for upsets are likely. August 26 (morning), 27 (early), 29, 30, and 31 (after 8 a.m.) all poor. Sept. 1 (to 10 a.m.) and 2 very tricky.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23 to Jan. 20): Good weeks ahead, so plan well. August 26 excellent; 27 (after 9 a.m.) and 28 both good. Sept. 1 (after 10 a.m.) also helpful.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): Matters improve slightly now, but avoid impatience or new ventures. August 30 and 31 (after 8 a.m.) both poor. Sept. 2 (to 8 a.m.) helpful.

PISCES (Feb. 19 to March 21): Trouble ahead now, so dodge discord and losses. August 26 (morning), 29, 30, and 31 (late) all poor. Sept. 1 and 2 unfavorable.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

"That's funny. I was going to say you reminded me of someone I know, too."

Your Coupons

TEA: 29-40.
BUTTER: 24-30.
MEAT: Black, 64-67 (68-70 available Sept. 1); green, 72 and 75 (77, 79 available Sept. 1).
CLOTHING 1-56 current.

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, set off on the yacht Argos with wealthy explorer
COLONEL BARTON: And his daughter Betty, in search of rare flame-colored pearls. Mandrake and Barton descend to the ocean bed in diving suits to begin their search.
CAPTAIN BEEKER: In charge of the yacht, orders
SIMS: The first mate, to knot Mandrake's air-line, for Beeker and Sims are plotting to secure the flame pearls themselves. Deep in the ocean Mandrake and Barton face a huge octopus. Choking for air Mandrake manages to send a telepathic image of himself to Lothar asking for air. Lothar rushes to the pump and sees the knotted line. NOW READ ON:

★ PELACO SHIRTS — MINE TINKIT THEY FIT — PELACO SHIRTS ★

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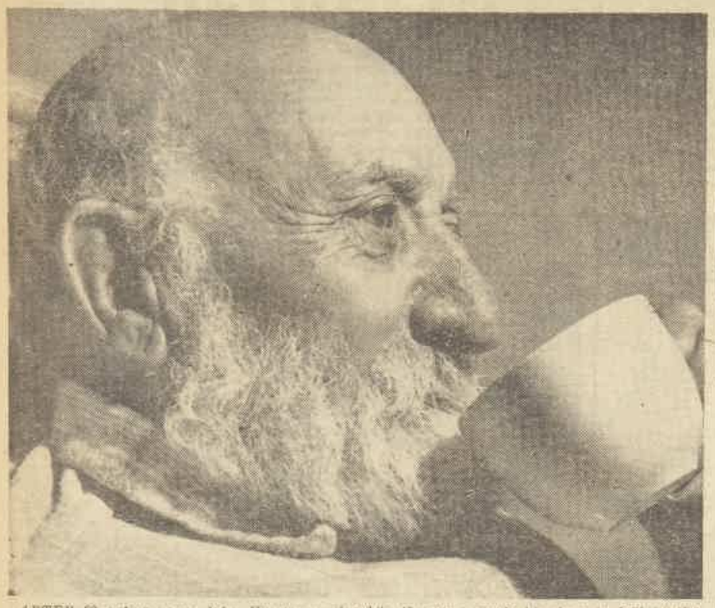
NEW HOME TRANSFORMS LIFE FOR OLD-AGE

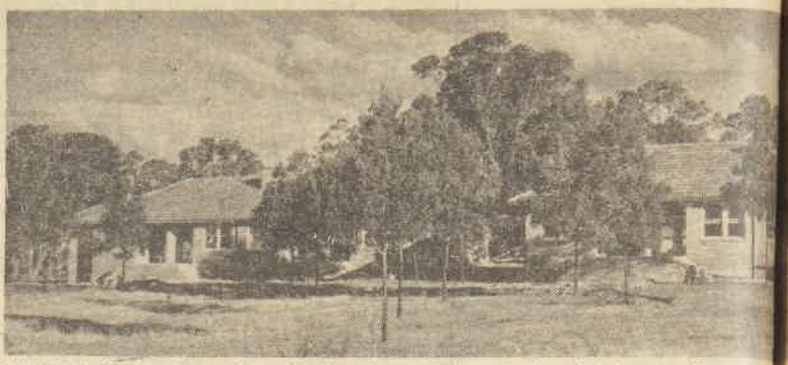


AFTER 83 active years John Haynes is "tired." He now spends his days in bed in the shining Men's Infirmary at the Home for the Aged conducted by the Little Sisters of the Poor at Randwick, Sydney.

EDWARD AND CHARLOTTE BANAN relax in the living-room of their new apartment at Northmead.

CHARLOTTE BANAN dressing her paralysed husband in room where they lived for six years. Mrs. Banan's bed was supported by chairs and a trunk.

THE BANANS and dog Trixie enjoy sun on back porch of new home. View from porch extends over tree-lined creek to distant hills, and front porch view takes in broad fields.



TWO of the blocks of four self-contained apartments built at Northmead, Sydney, for old-age pensioners. The first two couples have now taken up residence there.

First couples exchange dingy rooms for modern apartments

By GEORGINA O'SULLIVAN, staff reporter

There has been a magical transformation in the lives of two couples who, as old-age pensioners, have known years of hardship and physical disability.

Three weeks ago they were lifted from the dingy rooms in which they lived and installed in newly built, up-to-date apartments in 80 acres of ground at Northmead, Sydney.

FROM now until the end of their days they will know a life of comfort and plenty in contrast to that lived by many old-age pensioners.

The couples are 78-year-old John Shepherd and his wife Alice, who is 75, and Edward and Charlotte Banan.

John Shepherd is blind and Edward Banan, who is also 78, has been paralysed since his return from the first World War.

They owe the transformation in their lives to the Grand United Order of Oddfellows of New South Wales.

The G.U.O.O.F. built the apartments in blocks of four as a Centenary Memorial Home for old-age pensioners and the Shepherds and Banans were chosen as the first occupants.

After inspecting the conditions under which they lived before their move photographer Ron Berg and I decided the couples could not have been more wisely chosen.

The Shepherds lived at Surry Hills, Sydney, in an overcrowded room on the top floor of a dingy tenement house.

Two narrow flights of bare stairs led to the room, for which they paid 18/- a week.

There was no sink or bathroom near the room, and John carried water in a bucket from a dilapidated bathroom on the floor below.

Alice was unable to help him because her legs are weak and she has to walk downstairs backwards.

Although she left the room for her new home without a regretful glance Alice Shepherd, who was a tailoress in her youth, thought it had one redeeming point.

On a clear day she could just see the outline of the Blue Mountains from the window.

To the blind John this point mattered little.

John did their shopping with the aid of a schoolgirl living nearby. He paid her 1/- to take him to the shops, where he bought prepared foods because of the poor cooking facilities provided in their room.

The Shepherds readily admitted their hatred of the Surry Hills room and John told us proudly that they hadn't always lived like that.

"In 1931 we were paying off our home, but the depression threw me out of work in five minutes and we lost everything.

"We always said we wouldn't take the pension, but when I lost my sight 10 years ago and Alice's legs began to go we just had to."

Longed for privacy

THE Banans lived under slightly brighter circumstances in the back room of a weatherboard cottage at Carramar, near Sydney, but their comforts were just as few.

Attached to the room was a verandah divided into a tiny sitting-room and kitchenette.

Their rent was £1 a week.

For the past 20 years Charlotte Banan, who is 75, has had to do "just about everything" for her husband, even to stirring his tea.

His feet and left side are paralysed and his right hand is rapidly becoming useless.

JOHN SHEPHERD [illegible] wife Alice remakes a [illegible] crowded Surry Hills room [illegible] are now living in modern [illegible] ment at Northmead.

The Banans were chosen [illegible] new home after Charlotte [illegible] had written to the G.U.O.O.F. [illegible] a loan to build a two-room [illegible] hut so that she and her [illegible] might "end our days in [illegible] privacy."

They were having a [illegible] living on their combined [illegible] and Charlotte had had to [illegible] the knitting which [illegible] pennies because her husband [illegible] with rheumatics."

"I've worked since I was [illegible] old and I was a good nurse, [illegible] I'm tired," she said just [illegible] moved into her new home.

"It's been a struggle [illegible] came back from France, [illegible] gone through hardships [illegible]

To-day the Shepherds [illegible] are next-door neighbours.

The apartments have [illegible] privacy, with their own [illegible] back entrances.

They are equipped with [illegible] vice to make life simple [illegible] furniture and furnishings [illegible] excellent taste.

The bedroom in each [illegible] has a built-in wardrobe [illegible] ing-table. The twin beds [illegible] luxurious inner-spring [illegible] new sheets and blankets [illegible] damask covers.

Each couple has added [illegible] chairs and a sewing-machine [illegible]

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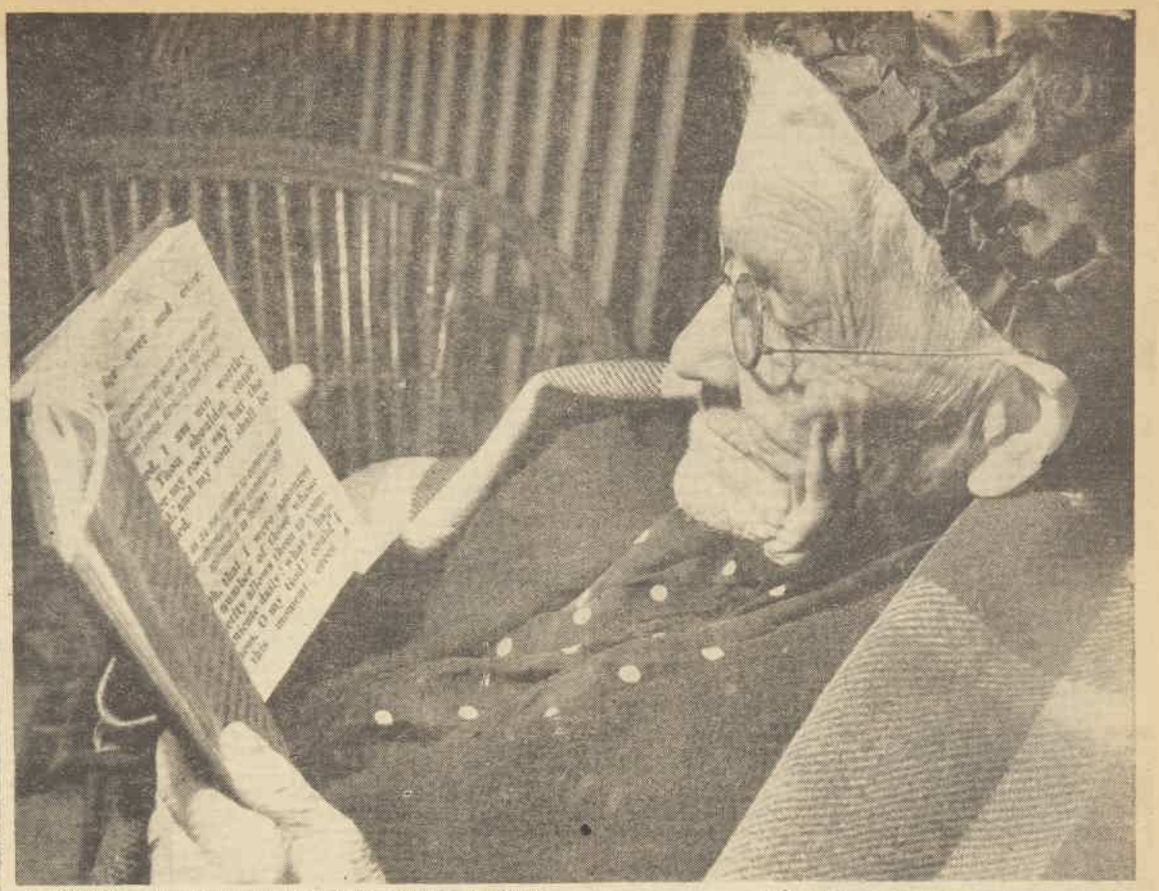
NSIONERS

the Grand United Order of Oddfellows.



FORGETTING where she put her glasses is the only worry in 78-year-old Mrs. Jane London's life. She has lived for 12 months at the Little Sisters' Home, reads her prayer-book for an hour a day, loves apples, and has a keen, ready wit.

BLIND John Shepherd had to count stairs when he carried water from old bathroom to top-floor room in tenement in which he and his wife lived.

THERE are in Australia nearly half a million people who have reached the retiring age but do not receive the old-age pension.

They have a small income either from an inheritance, superannuation funds, insurance policies, or thrifty living during their working years.

They paid their taxes as regularly as other citizens, but because they have a small income the Means Test prevents them from receiving the old-age pension.

Their lot is just as hard as that of the old-age pensioners.

MARIA AND JOSEPH HINGSTON lived for 27 years in Hongkong. Maria lost her sight as result of Japanese torture, but not before seeing Australia's "lovely gum-trees." Couple now living happily at a Sydney home for the old.

comfortable furniture in the living-rooms.

Their kitchens are large and electrically equipped, and the bathrooms modern.

Each apartment has hot and cold water.

Much of the adequate cupboard space in the Banans' kitchen holds dinner and afternoon-tea sets won by Charlotte at "driving nail" contests at country picnics and shows.

"I drove a good nail in my day," she claims proudly.

Both couples are obviously excited about their new home and feel they are starting a new life.

"We had our dreams, but this is more than we ever expected," Mrs. Banan said.

John Shepherd is convinced that "a lot of people with money would give anything for a place like this."

Final plans for the Home include a modern hospital to accommodate 90 patients, a large vegetable plantation, a dairy farm, and a picnic and playground area for visitors.

The site on which it is built is particularly beautiful, and trees will be cut down only when new apartments have to be built.

There will be a steady influx of old-age pensioners, both single and married, into the Home within the next few months.

They will pay a very small rental, and may either buy their vegetables from the plantation in the grounds or receive them free of charge.

They may work around the estate if they wish, or just sit and laze their days away.

Here and there throughout Australia similar homes for the old are being built by churches and organisations which know true kindness.

During the war they were unable to cope with the number of old people who sought their aid, but with the lifting of building restrictions they set to work.

Others have not started to build yet, but plan to do so.

Their plans are comprehensive and wise and designed so that no old person seeking aid will feel the stigma of charity.

Dormitory life and regimentation are things of the past, and the new institutions will ensure every privacy and comfort for old people.

Many more, however, are needed.

To those who retain health and prosperity old age means peace and rest, but to many it brings only the loneliness and helplessness of infirmity and poverty.

Many in need

THERE are in Australia today 264,826 men and women who have reached the age where they must ask for help.

Each one receives a pension of £1/17/6 a week from the Federal Government.

Some old-age pensioners know no hardship. They own the houses in which they live or have children prosperous enough to contribute to their support.

Others are physically strong and able to supplement their pension by earning the permissible additional income of £1 a week.

Others again live happily in homes controlled by churches and friendly societies. In most of these homes care is taken to avoid all semblance of charity, and the old people are given good food, medical attention, and kind treatment.

Most of the women in these homes take a pride in their appearance and the little household help they are able to give. The men work in the garden, run messages, and sit and chat in groups.

But not all of our old-age pensioners in need of aid can be accommodated in homes.

In this day of high rentals and soaring costs some have to live under bitterly degrading circumstances in rooms.

Their rooms are often dark and airless. The people from whom they rent them are often indifferent to their comfort.

Some old people have such inadequate cooking and bathing facilities that they resign themselves to poor food and uncleanliness and end their days in squalor.

They are ashamed of the way they live, but, as one old woman living under such conditions told me, "every bit of you is tired, and after a while nothing matters."

Many pensioners, however, surmount their hardships and daily hope for an improvement in their conditions.

They do not expect the great good fortune which has come to the Shepherds and the Banans, but they have their tired dreams.

Many of the people who now line up for the old-age pension served Australia well during their active years and deserve every comfort in their declining years.

Old age, if physical ills are not too painful, should be a halcyon period and not a pitiful remnant of life.

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Sing Me the Tune

Continued from page 2

GEORGE'S fingers slid caressingly up and down the piece of wood held at his mouth. It certainly sounded like a violin, and what was more it sounded like the sweetest violin Mr. O'Hara had ever had the pleasure of listening to.

"It's a—it's a trick, of course," he said at length. "You have a wireless concealed somewhere."

"That's right," said Miss Edwards. "I have it in my powder compact—see? George," she said, "play something else for the gentleman—something a little lighter—maybe he would appreciate that more."

George played in earnest. He had thoroughly warmed up now. There was something easy and uninhibited about the music. It was a fey kind of music that soothed and caressed and stirred the heart in response.

Miss Fortescue, Mr. O'Hara's secretary, poked her head round the door. "Have you a violin or something in here?" she asked.

"Yes," said Mr. O'Hara dully. "I think I have—or something—I'm not sure yet——"

Miss Fortescue shook her head. "Mr. O'Hara," she said, "you shouldn't start drinking so early." Then she saw George playing on the piece of wood. "Mercy," she said, "what is it?" She felt round for a chair.

"Don't sit down," said Mr. O'Hara weakly, "get me a sheaf of blank contract forms and a bucket of champagne."

Miss Edwards leant back in her chair and relaxed. "I told you so," she said.

. . . . . .

George packed the crowds into Mr. O'Hara's night-club in such numbers that the insurance company began to be afraid that the place would burst at the seams, and they demanded extra premiums. Mr. O'Hara had a great time knocking down walls, and increasing his floor space.

At first it was the extraordinary, unexplainable why that George produced his music that packed them in, but when the novelty wore off to a degree it was the strange, haunting loveliness that seemed to call people in to listen. It made old men young, and young men wise, and old women sad, and young women younger.

It also made quite a lot of money for George and Mary and Mr. O'Hara, although George was not interested. He scarcely spoke, and he was uncomfortable with people unless they asked him to play something, and then he would say: "Sing me the tune, and I'll play it."

Of course, there were the disbelievers and the critics. They came in droves to explode the myth—and they went away speechless, confounded.

Mr. O'Hara did not mind in the least sending George along to universities and scientific institutes. It was a terrific advertisement for him. And George even played once or twice at the Town Hall, although some of the more diehard type of critics frowned on this public exhibition of "trick music."

It did not mean a thing to George. When he was playing he was completely un-selfconscious. He had no idea of the furore he was creating. And Mr. O'Hara rubbed his hands together and went and bought up two more night-clubs.

Then one night when George was in the middle of the "Ave Maria" the strangest thing happened. Someone booed. It had never happened before.

George was playing at the newest of Mr. O'Hara's clubs. The Jaundiced Eye, and the place was stuffed with humanity. They had poured through the doors and chocked up the tables, until the place wore a gorged, overfed look.

When George came on to play his music had stilled their babble until a thick hush lay like a screen over the seething mass of people.

One of the many strange qualities of George's music was that it penetrated clearly to even the remotest corners of the room so that people everywhere were listening to it raptly, thinking wistfully of the past or pleasantly of the future.

Then someone booed.

It was a raucous sound that cut crudely through George's music.

After a while they booed again. Louder and longer.

Someone said: "S-shhhh!" And someone said: "Quiet!" And someone said something else (not for print).

Then the boos broke out in a loud, unpleasant chorus. George stopped playing, and the atmosphere became flat again and dull, and the boos now sounded ominous and threatening.

Then a very ripe tomato hit George in the face. Miss Edwards, who had been sitting at one of the front tables, jumped up on the small platform in front of the orchestra where George was standing. "George," she said urgently, "quick—quick—get off."

But George just stood there, and an egg exploded on his chest. Then there was uproar. Tables were overturned, crockery smashed. Small groups fought joyously. And a section of men with tough faces began making towards the platform and George.

From the centre of the floor O'Hara yelled: "Mary, get him off. Get him off."

But suddenly the men were around them. One of them took hold of Mary by the arm. He did not do it gently. "Get out of the road," he said.

Then George went berserk. He was young and powerful. He fought like a threshing machine. He fought nearly as well as he played. He did much damage. But there were a lot of them.

By the time the police arrived Mr. O'Hara's Jaundiced Eye looked as though a large and uncouth army had just held an uncivilised battle there.

Mr. O'Hara walked up through the ruins until he reached the small stage. His dinner jacket was in halves, having been neatly ripped down the centre. Someone had smashed a bottle of tomato sauce over his white shirt, and his tie was hanging down the back of his neck.

"Where is he, Mary?" he said.

She was swaying about a little. She had a slight cut down one cheek where the blood showed, and she held in her a hand a trombone whose mangled appearance bore evidence of the efficacy with which it had been used.

"He's over here," she said, and she led the way.

Someone had finally hit George over the head with the big drum, and he was sitting with it draped around his neck. He was peacefully unconscious, like a big child asleep.

"I hope he's all right," she said. "I saw someone hit him over the head with a saxophone, too—see, that one there with the large dent in it."

Mr. O'Hara sat down in the ruins of his orchestra. "Better send for a doctor," he said.

"What happened?" she said. "Why did they do it?"

He shook his head dolefully.

"Some of the local night-club owners organised it," he said. "They claim I've been pinching all their trade—or George has. They were after George." Suddenly he sat up straight. "Mary," he said, "where's his piece of wood?"

"Holy smoke," she said, "I don't know."

"Quick, Mary," he said, "you get a doctor, and I'll try to find it."

George had concussion, and he was not interested in anything much for a week. He just lay in his hospital bed, and now and again he hummed little tunes, which they thought was an encouraging sign.

They found his cherished piece of wood at last, after a three-day search; but it was in two pieces, and it took them another two days to put it together again so that the break was not discernible to the human eye.

At the end of the seventh day the doctor said that George was improving, and they could go in and talk to him for a while.

They stood by his bed and smiled hopefully.

"Hello, George," said Mary.

He grinned weakly at them, but it was a happy grin.

Then Mary noticed that he seemed to have changed. Someone had done his hair properly, and the perpetually untidy quiff had been brushed back neatly into place. The little perplexed furrow between his eyes had gone, and his eyes now shone at them large and dark.

He still had a bandage round his head, but like most such bandages it looked very picturesque.

Mary's knees began to wobble, and she sat down on the chair by the bed. "It's good to see you looking so well, George," she said.

He said: "I'm glad you came, Mary." The hesitation had gone from his speech, and he looked at Mary and she looked at him.

Mr. O'Hara coughed. "Show George what we brought," he said.

Mary fumbled in her bag, and produced the piece of wood. She held it up to George.

His eyes lit up and he looked at her. "Gosh, Mary," he said, "thanks. I'd have hated to have lost that."

They watched him to see whether he would notice the break, but he just ran his fingers caressingly along it.

Mr. O'Hara said: "You haven't forgotten it then, George?"

George looked at him. "Forgotten it?" he said. "Of course not." He paused for a little and looked at it. Then he looked back up at them.

"You know," he said, "my father gave it to me when I was a kid. We had a big tree at the back of our place, and when the wind whistled through it, he said that if you listened hard enough you could hear music playing. I used to call it the music tree. This is a piece of wood from that tree."

They nodded understandingly.

"I suppose it's silly," he said, "to attach so much importance to a piece of wood." He looked to them for denial, and they both obligingly responded.

"How's your head?" said Mary.

"All right," said George. "The doctors think that I am progressing quite satisfactorily—although I seem to have a little trouble in remembering things."

He ran his fingers over the piece of wood again.

"George," said Mr. O'Hara, "will you play something for us?"

"Will I what?" said George. "Oh, what?"

"Don't be silly, George," said Mr. O'Hara, "on the piece of wood, of course."

George held aloft the piece of wood, and looked doubtfully at Mr. O'Hara. "You mean," he said, "on this?"

"Of course," said Mr. O'Hara.

"A tune?" said George. "Music?"

"Yes," said Mr. O'Hara.

George leant back in his bed and looked at him. Some of the old perplexity returned momentarily to his eyes. Then, after a while, he said: "Are you crazy? Whoever heard of anyone getting music out of a piece of wood?"

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ALFRED

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A Love Like That

DIRK was eyeing his friend curiously. "Well," he said at length, "you certainly put it across. Congratulations."

"Thanks," said Jonathan unenthusiastically.

Dirk rubbed his chin and looked mystified.

"Funny coot," he observed, "if anybody was ever sitting pretty you are, and you act as though you'd lost an arm."

"Huh," said Jonathan Blair. There was another silence.

"Oh, by the way," Dirk said suddenly. "Congratulations."

"You said that before," Jonathan reminded him.

"No, I mean about Carol."

"Carol?" Jonathan looked at him in some surprise.

"Yes, Carol! Oh, I know it's not out yet, but those things get round."

"Have you a fair idea of what you're talking about?"

"Me, his best friend," Dirk said confidentially to the ceiling, "and he holds out on me. I come in expecting to be asked to be a best man and he acts as though I was a Fiji Islander just learning to speak English."

"Best man?" repeated Jonathan. "Who's getting married?"

"You are."

"Me? Well, thanks for telling me about it, for Pete's sake."

"Listen," said Dirk. "If you think it's a secret you're crazy. A lot of people know about your engagement, so come out in the open like a man."

"Engagement!" Jonathan stared at him. "Carol? Who gave you that idea?"

"Why," Dirk was beginning to feel a little dizzy, "Natalie French told me that Carol had given her to understand—you know, sort of unofficially, as it were——" He broke off. "Do you mean to tell me you aren't?"

Jonathan was gaping at him.

"It's a wonder," he managed to comment, "that Carol wouldn't have told me too, while she was about it. Mere oversight, no doubt."

"It's all off, then?"

"Dirk, it was never on."

"Yes, but it was sort of taken for granted——"

"I know," said Jonathan. "Everybody took it for granted. I guess we took it for granted ourselves." He stood, straight and dark and serious, with his back to the fireplace and rested an elbow on the mantel. The fading light of late afternoon shadowed the wainscoted walls and the pictures of full-rigged clippers and the portrait of old Abijah Blair.

"We ran round together a lot," he said. "She fitted in with that free and easy, well-what's-next existence. But for a long time I've found she doesn't fit in any more."

He paused and fumbled thoughtfully for his cigarettes. Funny, how his whole viewpoint of Carol had changed almost without his being conscious of it.

Dirk studied him speculatively. "I really think you'd better uncross a few wires, son," he said.

Jonathan thought so, too. He dropped in on Carol that evening, phoning ahead that he was coming. Her maid ushered him into the living-room, and Carol came in shortly afterwards attired for the evening.

"It's about time I was seeing something of you," she said. "Where are we going, Corry?"

"Let's," he suggested, "stay here and talk a while."

She shrugged in acquiescence, tossed her evening wrap aside, and sat down beside him. He offered her a cigarette and snapped a lighter into flame for her. Then she leaned back comfortably close to his shoulder and exhaled a long cloud of smoke.

"Well, start talking," she prompted. "But please," she besought with a provocative smile, "not about aeroplanes and things."

"All right. We won't talk about that."

But before he could begin her maid appeared with word that Mr. Lockwood was on the phone. Carol sat up abruptly.

"Oh heavens, I forgot that I promised to attend his party for the cast," she wailed. "He's opening a new show to-night. I'll tell him I'm all booked up."

"No, go ahead if you want," Jonathan told her. "I'll have to run along soon. Have some work to do."

Carol glanced at him carefully. "You don't have to go anywhere, Corry. Not really."

"Honest. I'm working on some plans."

She turned to her maid. "Ask him to call me later," she said, and leaned back.

Jonathan regarded the glowing tip of his cigarette. He cleared his throat and turned to look at her squarely.

"Carol——" he began. He hesitated a moment. He had come here inclined to be irked, but that had passed. He proceeded, speaking in what he hoped was a tone of surprise. "There's a story going the rounds—that we're—engaged."

Carol's lashes flickered momentarily. "Really?" she drawled. "How interesting, Corry! Well——?"

"We've known each other a long time," he told her, "but we don't want any misunderstanding, Carol. After all, we're not."

She averted her eyes, those long lashes drooping into pools of shadow on the ivory of her cheeks. "You really want to deny it?" she said in a low tone.

He contemplated her bent ash-blonde head a moment, then mashed out his cigarette, and sat forward.

"Listen, Carol. I'm just at the foot of the ladder. I'm only starting. I have a long way to go and probably a lot of bumps to take, and there'll be battles and a lot of growing pains——"

She suddenly rose and walked away a few steps and stood with her back to him. Jonathan vaguely remembered seeing that done in the

Continued from page 7

movies. People walked away and stood. Then you followed.

Carol turned as he continued to sit right where he was.

"It's that girl," she said incredulously. "That—that Texan wench."

"Texan wench," said Jonathan thoughtfully. "Hmmm. She's a mighty fine girl, Carol. But—so what?"

"And you fell in love with her," Carol commented, regarding him ironically.

"In love with her! Why, I admire her tremendously—Carol, you've got the wrong slant on this."

"The aggressive Miss Ransome who was as popular with you as the plague. The Miss Ransome whom you were going to chase back to Texas. The Miss Ransome who rode you right out of your company. Evidently," Carol said maliciously, "she's made you like it."

She sat down, twined her fingers together, and looked at him. Jonathan stood up. He looked down at her from his tall height, then bent and took her hand.

"No more misunderstandings, Carol," he said swiftly. "We've had some good times, but it would be," he added gently, "no go. You'll realise that."

BUTCH

"I'm not being mean, Butch. If th' cops weren't so close I'd gladly stop."

"Good night," said Carol.

As he left he heard the phone ring. He had a hunch Lockwood would have better luck this time.

At about six the next morning he was awakened by the phone. He pulled the instrument drowsily to his ear. It was Dirk on the wire.

"Say, Corry, have you seen the morning papers?"

"No, have you?"

"Yes. Picked one up just now on my way home," exclaimed the ebullient Segrave. "Carol and Mort Lockwood, the theatrical producer, drove to Rye very early this morning and were married by a justice of the peace."

Jonathan was down at his office almost before Meggs had put his mail on his desk that morning.

"Are you still holding that eleven o'clock time for a directors' meeting, sir?"

Jonathan most certainly was. He waited until he could reasonably expect Bard to be in his office and then put through a call. When Bard answered he nearly sighed with relief.

"'Morning, Bard. Corry Blair. I'm calling a directors' meeting and I can't locate Valentine. Do you know where she is?"

"She's gone back to Texas," Bard said.

"Huh? Texas?" Jonathan nearly inhaled the transmitter. "But when—which—how, which, long since——?"

"Over three weeks ago," Bard told him, getting the gist.

"Three weeks! When's she coming back?"

"As far as I know, she isn't. She's gone home."

"Thanks," Jonathan managed, and hung up.

Texas! Suffering mackerel, she wasn't even in New York! He sank back in his chair, trying to realise that. For some strange reason it was almost inconceivable. Valentine, who'd been such an important part of his life for months, had departed thence and for evermore.

He snapped his fingers. Texas! He rang for Meggs. "I'm leaving for Texas."

"Now, sir," Meggs protested feebly. "But these reorganisation plans——"

"Can't help it," said Jonathan, striding restlessly up and down.

"Your time for the next week or so is completely filled, sir. Reports, conferences——"

"Give me those reports. I'll read 'em on the way. Postpone all conferences. If I was sick you'd have to postpone 'em, wouldn't you? Well," said Jonathan Blair with deep feeling, "I feel queer enough, heaven knows. I'll try to wire you every day where to reach me, but Texas is one big place."

He stopped and tried to think. He'd probably have to search the whole State. What was the name of that fool town where he'd first met her? Chances were she didn't live anywhere near there, but it was a place to start. Pemberton? Penobscot? No, that was in Maine. Poindexter! That was it!

He whirled on Meggs.

"Come on, man," he begged. "Get those reports and things together. Hurry up. I've a lot to do."

By plane and train Jonathan turned up in Poindexter two days later. The same smart modern little town down whose streets he had clattered behind a crazy red-headed girl.

He began his search for the aforesaid girl by dropping into the hotel and buttonholing the desk clerk.

"Is the name Ransome familiar to you?" he inquired.

"There's a Colonel Ransome out at Bella Vista."

"What that? Another town?"

"That's Colonel Ransome's estate."

Estate! Hmmm!

"Has he a daughter, do you know? Valentine Ransome?"

"I don't know, sir. He has a family, that I know."

Jonathan couldn't quite assimilate this Colonel Ransome who had an estate. He looked through the phone directories and discovered that Colonel Ransome was the only one of that name. Might as well take a shot at it.

He chartered a taxi and as he was driven out of town he was informed more about Colonel Ransome by the driver. Colonel Ransome? Everybody knew who he was all over the State. Ten to one he'd be the next Governor, the driver said. Head of Ransome Oil, too.

"Well, for the love of Pete," muttered Jonathan Blair.

Ransome Oil! Governor! He couldn't connect the girl in khaki and leather of a hard-riding rodeo with anything like that. But then again there was that girl of poise, style, and sophistication.

JONATHAN sat back and tried to align some very confusing thoughts. But it was only natural that he should feel confused. Valentine was confusing herself.

The taxi was driving now through a lovely residential district of private estates and tree-shaded esplanades. The residential environs of Poindexter, he was informed, were among the most exclusive and beautiful in that part of the State. Jonathan could very well believe it.

But when they turned in at a place, walled by a twelve-foot hedge, through two white stone posts with high grilled iron gates and drove up a cement drive through grounds of cottonwoods, he was convinced he was on the wrong track.

Jonathan got out of the taxi, very interested indeed.

"Wait," he bade the driver.

"But this is it," said the driver.

"Maybe," Jonathan returned.

He rang the bell and waited, ready for almost anything amazing to pop out the door. But there was nothing more amazing than a butler.

Miss Valentine Ransome? Yes, she lived here. But Miss Valentine was away at present.

Valentine was always "away" lately, he reflected. When she'd been the last person on earth he wanted to see she swarmed all around. When he badly wanted to see her, she was as elusive as quicksilver. He decided he'd better see Colonel Ransome and waited in the hall while the butler took in his name.

The Colonel was at home. At least, Jonathan presumed that it was the Colonel who was rumbling indignantly from the living-room.

"I was four on the green," Jonathan heard him proclaiming. "Four, that's what it was."

"Listen, Dad," argued another voice, "when you're Governor you can pass a law on out-of-bounds shots; but in the meantime you took nine on that hole——"

The discussion suddenly ceased as the butler gained the Colonel's attention. A moment later he came back and ushered Jonathan into the living-room.

A young man in white flannels, russet sports coat, and white silk muffler was sitting on the edge of a table grinning at a massive, white-haired man with a golf score-card in his hand.

"You're Valentine's father?" said Jonathan. They shook hands.

Please turn to page 30

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A Love Like That

JONATHAN met Ned Ransome, Valentine's brother, and then turned back to Colonel Ransome.

"This is luck," he told him. "I was all set to barge around all over Texas."

"You're a friend of Valentine's?" questioned Colonel Ransome.

"I hope so," said Jonathan. "You see, sir, I'm in love with your daughter."

The Colonel started violently.

"In fact," added Jonathan, "I hope you don't mind if I ask her to marry me."

"Mind!" boomed the Colonel. "What—humph—look here. I don't know you from Adam. Where do you come from?"

"New York."

"New York?" repeated Colonel Ransome. "And your name is Blair? You're not," he said, his face becoming a little red, "connected with that tinpot steamship outfit she spent her last nickel on?"

"Tinpot outfit, nothing," Jonathan said with dignity. "It used to be, but your daughter changed all that. Your daughter, Colonel Ransome, has a mind and imagination and intelligence. Your daughter is a very wonderful person and I would like," he said earnestly, "very much the opportunity to tell her so."

Colonel Ransome scrutinised him keenly. There was no doubt about it—this young man was very much in love with his perplexing daughter.

"Mr. Blair," he announced finally "if Valentine loves you, she'll marry you, come fire, flood, or earthquake. If you can lasso that young bronc you're a good man and the right man." He nodded his white

Continued from page 28

head grimly. "She's up in the oilfields. Go up and try it."

"Oilfields!" ejaculated Jonathan. "What's she doing now? Running the oil business?"

"I wouldn't be surprised," said the Colonel. "And if you can get her out of there I would be very much obliged."

"Oilfields," said Jonathan fuzzily. But he rallied immediately. "Where's all this going on?"

Ned Ransome had been watching him with interest and trying to place his name. And then he remembered suddenly the young man who had so impressed his sister by bulldogging the South-western Limited at a moment's notice.

"Say, Dad," he exclaimed, "I wouldn't be surprised if this guy has a chance. Val likes him because she thinks he's crazy, and if he's crazy enough he might come through at that."

Both the Colonel and Jonathan looked at him as if he had gone a little off balance. Ned grinned and stood up. He patted Jonathan reassuringly on the shoulder. "No offence intended. Spend the night with us, and I'll drive you up to Callard early to-morrow morning. I wouldn't miss this for the world."

Jonathan couldn't follow that at all. He had a chance if he was crazy enough.

That was nice.

They left very early the next morning in Ned Ransome's fast car.

They burned the two hundred odd miles into a crisp and arrived at the Callard fields of the Ransome Oil Company four hours after they had started.

Jonathan surveyed a broad expanse of sunbaked, prairie-like ground from which rose a forest of derricks. They were everywhere for what seemed miles and miles around, inspiring and graceful, in a way, each with its steel piers painted silver and rising over a hundred feet in the air, shining in the glare of a hot Texas sun.

The great Ransome fields . . . throngs of "roughnecks," rouseabouts, men in overalls and battered hats, men in puttees and breeches, storage tanks, pipe lines, machine shops, cables . . . all a part of that industry that brought up gushers of black gold.

Ned drove to the field office, a long bungalow-like building on the outskirts of the fields. There were several cars parked nearby, and he called Jonathan's attention to one of them, a long cream-colored roadster.

"Val's," he said. "She's around."

She was around. She was upstairs in her office. Elbows on the desk, she rested her head in her hands and was poring over an opened newspaper.

"Hey!" said Ned.

Valentine lifted her head. Jonathan saw her stiffen suddenly, her eyes widening in amazement as she saw him.

"You!" she exclaimed incredulously. "No——!"

"Yes," said Jonathan. "Very much yes."

"Excuse me," said Ned politely. "I have to see a man about an oil well." He withdrew and unobtrusively closed the door behind him.

"Surprised, aren't you?" said Jonathan.

Valentine recovered somewhat — outwardly. Inwardly wheels were turning dizzily around and rockets were going off.

"I am." She got up and came forward, hand extended in a straightforward boyish gesture. "How are you, Jonathan. How on earth did you land here?"

"Picked up your trail in Poindexter," he said, taking her cool strong hand. "And," he added, "it's a lucky thing you were in Texas at least, because I'm a very busy man and I hoped I wouldn't have to trail you to Port Said, or Singapore, or some such place."

He was still holding her hand, but now she disengaged it gently but firmly. Her dark eyes rested on him curiously.

"Well, I'm awfully glad to see you," she remarked. "But what brings you down here, anyway?"

"Well, I'll tell you," said Jonathan amiably. "Word of one syllable. Simple and to the point. You."

"Me?" repeated Valentine.

"Yes," he said with conviction. "You. Port Said would have been a mere stroll."

A touch of swift-rising color tinged her cheeks. She turned abruptly, walked around behind her desk, and sat down.

"How are the lines?" she said quickly.

"Lines?" said Jonathan vaguely. "Lines?—oh, oh, the lines! Oh, fine!"

He got back on the track. Mr. Blair was a very busy young man, and besides he didn't believe he could stand there long just looking at her. He put his hands on the desk and bent toward her.

"Valentine, I don't wonder that you're surprised to see me galloping down here. It seems sudden, I suppose. But it isn't sudden really. The first time I ever saw you in my life I gave three rousing cheers and I think I've loved you for a long time without knowing it. And then when you went away——" He took a breath.

"I knew it with a bang, Valentine, we've had our battles and they're over and it's three cheers for you the rest of my life."

She bent her head and her fingers twisted together so tightly that the knuckles were white.

"In other words, if I had stayed in New York you would never have known it at all? You'd never have found it out and would have married Carol Wallace unless," she said in a low voice, "she had married someone else."

"Oh," said Jonathan. "So you heard about that?"

"We get the New York papers here, Jonathan." She gestured toward the newspaper before her on the desk. "That one's three days old. I've been reading it, was reading about it when you came in. I'm very sorry, really. It must have been a shock to you."

"Shock, nothing. And you don't need to feel sorry for me. Carol could marry anybody she wanted, as far as I was concerned."

"That," said Valentine quietly, "I find very hard to believe."

And suddenly he was conscious of an indefinable barrier that had arisen from nowhere.

"Well, it's true."

"You were engaged to her," Valentine said thoughtfully.

"I was, like fun," he declared stoutly.

"Carol told me so herself."

"I never was engaged to Carol," he said swiftly. "And when I found that she was giving people that idea I put her right as soon as I heard of it. You've got to believe that, Valentine."

Something in her face told him that she wanted to believe it, that the tide trembled against the barrier. Then she leaned back and clasped her hands behind her head.

"You want me to believe an awful lot," she said frankly. "You never acted once as though you gave a hoot about me and then as soon as Carol runs off and gets married you turn up and say you do. No," she vetoed, with a shake of her coppery head, "it doesn't ring right."

"Listen," he requested her, "we were meant for each other. Anybody," he added, with an all inclusive wave of his hand, "could see that."

"No," said the girl, "I can't see it, Jonathan. It's too sudden—built on a kick in the teeth."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean," she said, "that you were in a marrying mood when Carol eloped and you were left that way. Think it over a while, Jonathan."

Jonathan started to say something, but there was a knock on the door and one of the field men stuck his head in.

"Miss Ransome, Kitty Sour Number One is nearly set."

Valentine swung around. "Thanks. I'll be right over. There's a well coming in," she told Jonathan. "Pardon me."

Oh, pardon her, huh? Jonathan trailed along resolutely. Great time for a well to come in.

They went downstairs and climbed into her roadster.

"What do you have to do?" he demanded.

Valentine laughed.

"Hold tight, city boy. You're going to get the thrill of your life."

She sent the car off with a roar.

"You and I," he said pensively, "could make the Blair Lines one of the crack outfits on the sea. Absolutely."

VALENTINE didn't speak. She didn't dare. She blew the horn instead.

"And that new Airways," went on Jonathan dreamily, "you'd love watching that grow. Limitless."

Her eyes shone. Jonathan regarded her anxiously, and tried to think of something else that might interest her.

"Bundy's nephew is out at Port O' Call," he said, inspired. "Looks just like Bundy. His feet are too big for him and he's skating around on his nose——"

"He sounds wonderful," she said gently.

"And then again," said Jonathan, considering, "there's the question of children."

"Of—of what?" said Valentine faintly.

"Children," Jonathan Blair told her. He clasped his hands behind his head and contemplated the sky in general. "I can't imagine anything more wonderful than a couple of fine children with their mother's hair and eyes and my optimism."

She brought the car to a sudden screeching stop.

"Kitty Sour Number One," she said, with an effort. "We are here."

"Listen," said Jonathan, "suppose we tell Kitty Sour Number One to go fly a kite."

"It's coming in soon. Ever seen one come in?"

No, Jonathan had not. And he didn't care to begin now. He waited impatiently while she stowed the car away under a shed. He wasn't providing much competition for an oil well. Why, life without her would be as flat as this prairie.

A lovely vigorous girl striding through the woods of Port O' Call, crossing its stiles, whistling to Bundy the Second — carrying her quick vibrant interest into every corner of his life, helping him put dreams into realities . . . And he'd lose a girl like that! Go back to New York without her? Not while he lived.

But, oh hang Carol anyhow. Why couldn't she have married Lockwood a week later? He strode grimly along beside her toward this infernal Kitty Sour Number One.

The derrick towered over them, its crew busy with the "bailer" and getting gear out of the way. A tool dresser standing near by watching operations moved over and touched his oily looking hat to Valentine.

"Hello, Joe," she said. "What," she asked professionally, "is the situation here?"

"Bailin' her down," said Joe. "Bailed mud down to where there's only two thousand feet of mud left in the hole — we expect it to clean out and flow any time now."

"Well's set, I see," she commented. "Flow lines attached. What's the steel line measurement to the bottom of the hole?" she asked, as Jonathan stood awed by such knowledge.

"Six thousand thirty feet," said Joe. "Casing cemented producing atop o' sand six thousand feet. Thirty feet or so into sand."

This was all Greek to Jonathan Corinthius Blair, but there didn't seem much he could do about it. He did think that Kitty Sour Number One could have been considerate enough to pick another day.

There was a sudden rumble like twenty subway trains coming in at once.

"Let's get out o' here," said Joe.

Please turn to page 33

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Night and morning, and whenever you want to freshen up during the day, pat cleansing Pond's Cold Cream generously over your face and throat. Leave it on a few minutes to soften and release dust and make-up, then wipe it off for a thoroughly cleansed, flower-fresh complexion.

Before you powder, always film on Pond's Vanishing Cream. It smooths skin for a glamorous make-up and keeps your powder alluringly fresh for hours.

Use Pond's Dreamflower Face Powder with Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams to get the full effectiveness of your "Pond's beauty" complexion! Gloriously fine-textured, Pond's Dreamflower Face Powder goes on—and stays on, like a dream. And Pond's Dreamflower shades do more than just match your skin. They give it a new, romantic aura of loveliness.

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Fashion PATTERNS

F4802.—Captivating spring suit. It would look equally attractive made of either a floral or plain material. Pattern obtainable with either long or short sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. wide A, or 2½yds 54in. wide B. Pattern 1/10.

F4803.—A graceful "informal" for a gala date at eight. Play up the waistline with sequins and match them at the sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. wide A, or 2½yds 54in. wide B. Pattern 1/10.

F4804.—A frock that will look crisp on warm days. Pattern obtainable with either short or bracelet-length sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in bust. Requires 3yds. 36in. wide and ½yd. lace A, or 2½yds. 54in. wide B. Pattern 1/10.

★ PLEASE NOTE! To ensure prompt despatch of orders by post you should: ★ Write your NAME, ADDRESS, and STATE in BLOCK LETTERS. ★ Be sure to include necessary stamps, postal notes, AND COUPONS. ★ State size required. ★ For children's patterns state age. ★ Use box numbers given on this page. ★ C.O.D. orders are not accepted.

FASHION FROCK SERVICE

"JEANNE," DELIGHTFUL SPRING-TIME FROCK

The frock is cut out ready for you to make up for yourself or made up ready for immediate wear. The material chosen for this frock was a spun rayon patterned with daisies. The bodice has a round neckline and cap sleeves, and the skirt is decored with gathered waistline and enhanced with stand-up pockets.

Colors for the frock are lime-green with gold and white daisies, brown centres and leaves; grey with gold and white daisies, burgundy centres and leaves; aqua with gold and white daisies, brown centres and leaves; maize or shocking-pink with chartreuse and white daisies brown centres and leaves; light saxe with gold and white daisies burgundy centres and leaves.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 to 34in. bust, 59/11 (8 coupons); 36 to 38in. bust, 62/11 (8 coupons). Postage 1/9½ extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 to 34in. bust, 38/11 (8 coupons); 36 to 38in. bust, 42/11 (8 coupons) Postage 1/3½ extra.

N.B.—When ordering "Jeanne," please make a second color choice to avoid disappointment.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 902—GAY LITTLE FROCK AND PANTIES

The set is traced ready for you to cut out and make up in a good cotton material patterned with cherries and leaves. Colors are maize with red cherries, green leaves and tiny white flowers; blue with red cherries, green leaves and tiny white flowers; or pink with blue cherries, green leaves and tiny white flowers. Sizes 18 and 20in. length 10/11 (5 coupons); 22 and 24in. length, 12/6 (5 coupons). Postage, 8½d extra.

N.B.—When ordering Needlework Notion 902, please make a second color choice to avoid disappointment.

No. 903 — SUPPER-CLOTH AND SERVIETTES

The supper-cloth and matching serviettes would grace any table. They are traced on linen cambric in white only. Sizes—**Tablecloth:** 36in. square, 12/11 (2 coupons), postage 5½d extra. **Serviettes:** 11in. square, 1/6 ea. (no coupons), postage 2½d extra. **Full Set:** 18/6 (2 coupons), postage 7½d extra.

F4805.—A trim little dress to wear to town. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. wide A, or 2½yds. 54in. wide B. Pattern 1/10.

F4806.—You could be all perked up for spring days in this youthful frock. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 36in. wide and ½yd. contrast A, or 2½yds. 54in. wide B. Pattern 1/10.

F4807.—A frock with a timeless tailored look. Pattern obtainable with either short of three-quarter-length sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. wide A, or 2½yds. 54in. wide B. Pattern 1/10.

INTERSTATE OFFICES

SEND your order for Fashion Patterns, Fashion Frock, and Needlework Notions (note prices) to Pattern Department at the address given below for your State. Patterns may be obtained from our offices in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, and Adelaide (see address at top of page 9), or by post.

Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide; Box 491O, G.P.O., Perth; Box 409P, G.P.O., Brisbane; Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne; Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney; Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle; Tasmania: Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne. N.Z.: Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only.)

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A Love Like That

JONATHAN and Valentine were starting to retreat along with a group of watching rouseabouts and roughnecks when Kitty Sour Number One blew wide open—a terrific spout of mud—and then, scarcely thirty seconds later, "She's wild!" yelled Joe. "She's wild!"

Wild! Under terrific, more than expected, rock pressure Kitty Sour Number One had cut connections. With a blood-chilling roar the master gate, control head, was eaten away, cut out by gas and sand pressure — a geyser of gas and oil and mud spouting nearly two hundred feet high.

The Ransome oil fields shut down all boilers immediately. One spark and there would be a general conflagration that would light up half the State.

Jonathan retreated hastily along with Valentine about fifty yards and then turned to watch, fascinated. Joe was screaming something — fifty-five million cubic feet of gas — eighteen hundred feet rock pressure — nine thousand barrels of oil — a sudden roaring world with Nature cracking the whip as Kitty Sour came in ahead of time and with more power than was dreamed.

Its crew of ten men were working like fiends. They had to cap it; detach the flow lines, unscrew the wrecked master gate, get it out of there, put a new master gate on and reattach the flow lines—all at top speed. They were taking out the bailer now, a long thirty-foot steel "bucket."

Suddenly there was a yell from the watching group of spectators. Jonathan stared toward the derrick through the thickly falling, poisonous-smelling gas spray.

One of the derrick's crew had slipped on the derrick floor. He looked as though his leg was broken or twisted. He lay there prostrate as one end of the heavy bailer came down on a sand line right over him.

Jonathan hauled anchor. He didn't know anything about the oil business, but he did know when to move and to move fast. He leaped with the same spontaneous drive that had sent him hurtling across the deck of the Orinoco and into Lifeboat Number One.

"Jonathan!" Valentine's voice was an agonised cry of warning, but he ignored it.

He covered that fifty yards in nothing flat, skidded across the slippery derrick floor, barged into the prostrate man and knocked him off on to the ground. He followed after, sliding on his stomach, less than half a minute before the bailer came down with a dull crushing thud.

He sat up, breathing hard, the roar of that well running wild nearly deafening him.

"Hey, you!" screamed the driller, waving frantic arm. "Get in here."

By now Jonathan looked like the veriest rouseabout, covered with mud and oil; his features indiscernible and his clothes a black oily mess.

He hopped up and dashed on to the derrick floor to take the injured man's place with Kitty Sour's crew. He hadn't the slightest idea what he was supposed to do. The general procedure in regard to capping an oil well was something totally new to Jonathan Corinthius Blair. So he did exactly what the rest of them were doing.

He grabbed hold of a bar and shoved it around, slipping in that slimy mass, pushing for all he was worth, straining to turn the old useless master gate around and unscrew it.

Valentine could not recognise him now. He was just one of those splattered, toiling men struggling to unscrew that old control head by turning it with bars while death hovered all about them — fire hazard! Fire! Billowing smoke, a column of flame that would be seen for miles and miles and miles.

Ned Ransome was suddenly at her side. He flung a slicker over her shoulders and jammed a rubber hat on her head. He tried to get her to come back another hundred yards.

"He's in there!" Her voice was stricken, breaking, frantic. "He's in there. And any moment they might go up like a wick, Ned."

She suddenly strained forward as

Continued from page 30

if she'd go up like a wick with him. Ned caught her wrist with a sudden exclamation. She seemed frantic.

Hot tears were streaming down her cheeks. She couldn't seem to see a thing through that murky, gas and oiled filled air. Everything was in a man in that battling derrick crew—everything!

Jonathan felt as though every muscle in his body had been beaten with a club. He had a bad time catching a good breath now and then because the oil ran in his nose and mouth. Otherwise he felt fit as a fiddle. He would have liked to know what he was supposed to be doing. Swell time to learn about the oil business.

They got the old, eaten-through control head off finally. A new one was being rushed from another part of the field, a new special one from one of the storage sheds.

It was lifted on a travelling block and Jonathan Blair squinted up at it as several thousand pounds of alloy steel hung over his head, swaying under the tremendous pressure of oil and gas. It never occurred to him that the whole business might drop right on his head.

Down it came, swaying perilously, while a tense derrick crew waited to guide it over the hole.

Valentine watched as they struggled with it, slipping about in the grease and oil, working right next to that roaring spout that rose high in the air and sprayed the ground for ten acres about. The broad rubber brim of her hat saved her from being black as pitch herself, but she could scarcely see, hear, only imagine what those men must feel sitting there.

Jonathan Blair! Corry Blair — St. Paul's, Princeton . . . the Marines . . . Corry . . . "Children with their mother's hair and eyes, and my optimism. . . ."

Something throbbed in her temples. She could vision him bending toward her, grey-eyed, serious, appearing in that room in the field office as if an answer to dreams and longings and suffering. Jonathan Blair, you crazy, reckless, cheerful idiot — you grand, gallant, fighting Crusader!

It took them an hour of sweat and strain to thread the new control head to the steel casing of the well. Now screw it on. Cap that well!

"Shove!" screamed the crew boss. "Shove!"

Shove! Jonathan was on a bar, trying to keep his footing. He heaved mightily, his hands slipped, and he fell flat on his face, took his nose off of the derrick floor, shook his head dazedly, and scrambled back on his feet. Nice parties these people throw for guests.

They worked the new master gate around slowly — slowly — screwing it on and praying it would hold. At least everybody but Jonathan prayed it would hold. He didn't know there was any doubt of it. In fact, he didn't even know what the fool thing was supposed to do. All he knew was that you shoved on a bar, and that he did with a vengeance.

"Get that straight! Get that straight!" Yells, hopes, prayers!

She was on! She held! The flow lines were being attached and the valves were being turned on. The flow was diverted to the storage tanks. Kitty Sour Number One behaved.

MEN were running all over the field, slopping about in slickers through mud and oil. Dainty place, an oil field when a well runs wild. Valentine didn't recognise Jonathan. He seemed to loom up before her, a tall, oil-drenched individual.

"Oil or no oil," said the unrecognisable object, "I love you."

He was nearly knocked down by the onslaught of a slim, strong young thing who threw her arms around his neck and clung to him.

"What a man!" she proclaimed vehemently.

"Is that you, Jonathan?" inquired Ned Ransome, peering at the person to whom his sister was clinging. "Say, when you're crazy, you're crazy, aren't you?"

"He's not crazy," denied his sister. "He's — he's magnificent."

"Gosh," said Jonathan. "that oil well did me a good turn at that. I really think the lady might marry me, after all."

"Marry you!" Valentine took a long breath. "Oh, darling, that's been my dream for months."

She regarded him earnestly, dug down in her pockets for a handkerchief, and carefully wiped the oil and grime from around his mouth. "There —"

She put her arms around his neck, her lips carrying her heart with them. A great mixed throng of rouseabouts, drillers, geologists, superintendents, scouts, and others, stopped to look on with deep interest. Say, wasn't that the Old Man's daughter?

Ned Ransome stood by patiently. He wiped off his wrist-watch, glanced at it, stared up at the sky, glanced at his watch again, and then looked around at the interested assemblage a little self-consciously.

"Marry you!" Valentine said finally, breathlessly. "Oh, darling," she said again, "I just wanted to feel that you loved me half as much as I love you."

"Er — would you mind kissing me again?" said Jonathan Blair. "Everything you do you do so well."

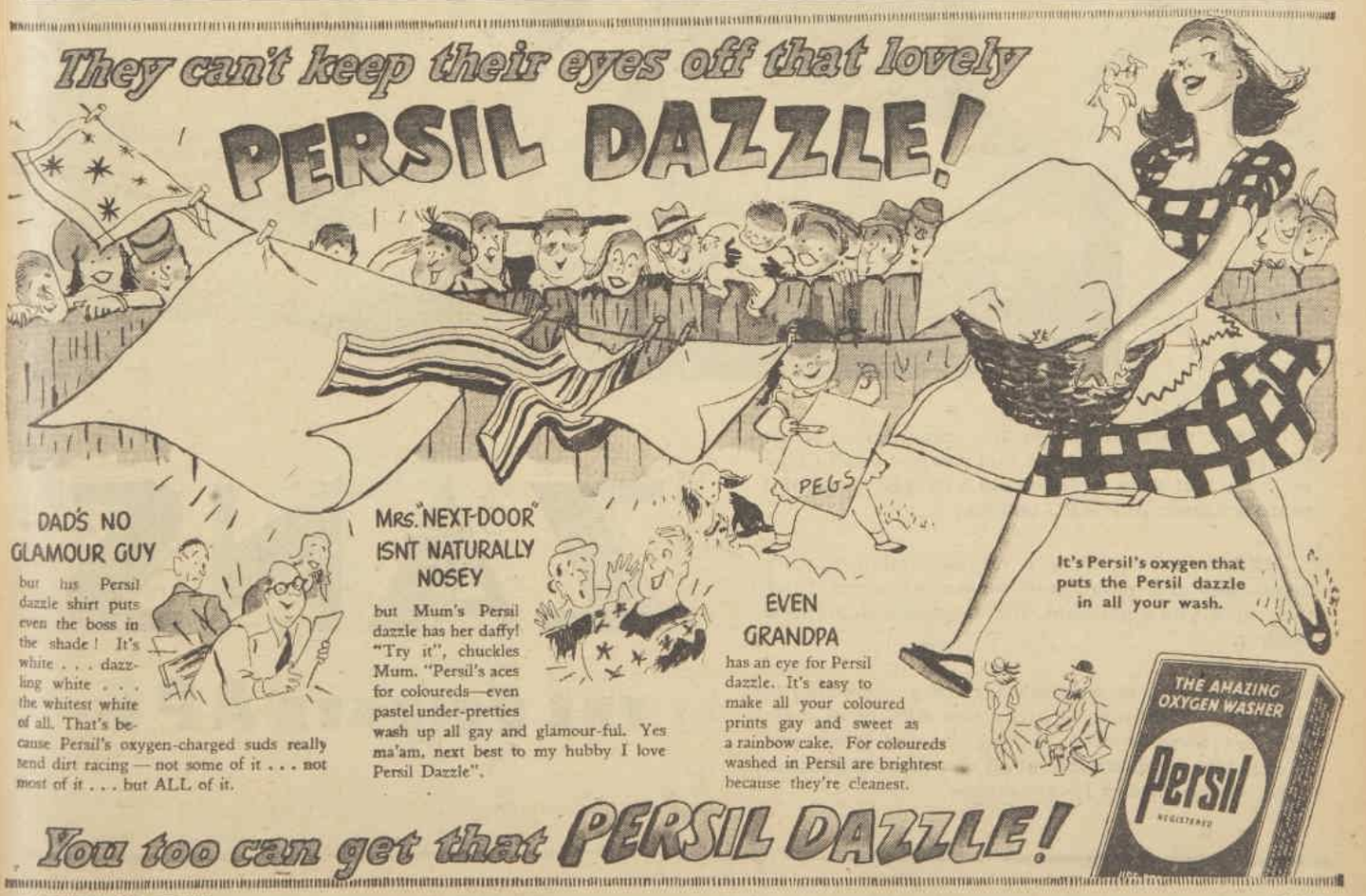
(Copyright)

New two-part Serial

● First part will appear next week of "MODEL MURDER," provocative two-part mystery by Hugh Pentecost.

Anne Potter's pleasant afternoon outing has an astounding ending when she returns home to find the murdered body of a strange girl in her living-room. From this startling beginning the story moves rapidly on, in an atmosphere of deepening intrigue and mystery.

Don't miss Part 1 in next week's issue.



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Recipe for Housewives Who Need a 'Lift'

When molehills seem like mountains; when you're jaded and nervy and feel you just can't carry on . . . that's the time to take a couple of 'ZANS,' those amazing little APC tablets.

'ZANS' tablets have a double action against headaches and pain; they soothe the nerves and they give you a pleasant 'lift' from that depressed feeling.

Prepared with extreme accuracy according to formula, 'ZANS' tablets bring you APC in its most effective form—*quicker acting, safe, convenient* and easy to take. Obtainable at all chemists and stores at 3d. (3 doses) and 1/- (12 doses).

"ZANS"

THE QUICKER APC

Nicholas Product

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IF I WERE YOU

Conducted by Margaret Howard for those in need of friendly, experienced advice

● **Over-indulgent parents find little to deplore in the behaviour of children who are noisy, continually interrupt, and snatch things at the table.**

The French have a phrase for the children—enfants terribles—but even their descriptive genius seems to fail in providing a label for the parents responsible for such behaviour in their young.

A WOMAN who feels she has offended her friends by pointing out how uncomfortable she was made by their unruly children wrote the following letter to me:

"*MUST a single woman never draw attention to the bad manners of other people's children? I stayed recently in a house where the parents made no attempt to discipline their children. When driven beyond endurance, I mentioned their bad behaviour, and I was shown very clearly that my remarks were resented.*"

Parents who are trying to bring up their children as nice young human beings, neither suppressed nor undisciplined, seldom resent constructive criticism from an old friend.

It is those whose children know no adult control and are always putting off teaching their family consideration for others, saying, "They are too young yet to understand such things," who resent the faults of their children being pointed out.

No matter how pretty or mentally bright children may be, they are not really liked by their elders unless they have been taught to consider other people, to eat their food nicely at the table, and not to expect the spotlight of adult attention to be focused continually on them.

But as a general rule it is tactful for unmarried women to refrain from pointing out the shortcomings of their married friends' children. By doing so they only leave themselves open to the remark that it is always those with no children of their own who have the most to say about how children should be brought up.

* * *

"*WE have only been married six months, and all that time we have been living with my husband's family. They have always been nice to me, and could not have made me more welcome. But they never give us any time alone. We are both beginning to feel the strain of this. I don't know what to do, because I want to make a success of my marriage, as well as get on well with my in-laws.*"

It is thoughtless never to leave a newly married couple alone together. But as this state of affairs in your case appears to spring from the desire of your husband's people to be nice, I don't see that there is very much you can do about it apart from going out with your husband perhaps more frequently than you have.

The alternative is to make an all-out effort to find accommodation for yourselves. I feel sure the older people would be hurt if you showed that you did not want their company.

* * *

"*A YOUNG man has told me that he either 'loves me too much or not at all.' To find out what he really feels, he has given up seeing me. I used always watch him play football on Saturday afternoons, and know the whole team. Should I continue to follow the club?*"

If you continue to go to the matches there is always the possibility of your friend thinking you go specially to watch HIM. Everything considered, it seems to me wisest to do something else on Saturday afternoons. If he is seriously trying to work things out, he will reach his own decision in due course, whether you continue to follow his club or not.

* * *

"*AS my daughter is shortly to become engaged, I am planning a party to celebrate the occasion. Would it be correct for the engagement to be made known beforehand, or to announce it for the first time at the beginning of the party?*"

It would be much more of a compliment to the guests, and add considerably to the importance of the occasion, to make the announcement at the party, letting it be publicly announced the following day.

* * *

"*HAVING just begun going out (I am in my teens), I have to watch a pretty blonde girl-friend of mine carry off all my boys one after the other. Is this because I am just a plain brunette?*"

You can't be such a very plain brunette or the boys wouldn't make a date with you in the first place. In future keep them away from your pretty blonde friend. If she behaves to other girls as she does to you, it won't be long before she will have only the company of other people's ex-boy friends. She is going the right way to lose the friendship of every girl she knows.

* * *

"*RECENTLY I met for the first time for many years an unmarried woman with whom I used to be friendly before my marriage. She leads a lonely life, and asked me to see her again. Though I am thoroughly happy with my wife and family, I can't help thinking about her. I don't know if I should meet her as she suggested, or do my best to forget her.*"

You say yourself you are a happily married man with a growing-up family. Remain that way. Renewing acquaintances with someone from your past who appeals to your sympathy is fraught with danger for all concerned. A lonely woman treasures romantic memories. As a husband and father you must safeguard your home.

* * *

"*IS it customary for debutantes to be the guests of the committee organising the ball at which they are presented, or should they buy tickets like everyone else? Also is it customary for the committee to be on the dais when the presentation of debutantes is made?*"

In answer to both your questions the committee concerned may make their own ruling. The committee, of course, receives on their arrival those to whom the debutantes will be presented. The presence of the entire committee on the receiving dais would as a rule be too cumbersome, as usually the ball president accompanies the guests-of-honor and stands by while the presentations are being made.

* * *

"*HOW should seating arrangements be made at a bridal table?*"

The seats of honor are occupied by the bride and bridegroom. Next to the bride on her left is seated her father. Next to him, on his left, is the bridegroom's mother.

On the bridegroom's right is seated the bride's mother, and on her right the bridegroom's father. The clergyman who has officiated at the marriage, the bridesmaids and groomsmen occupy the remaining seats.

The wedding cake is placed directly in front of the bride.

* * *

"*SINCE my husband died, my sister-in-law says that it is no longer right for her children to call me 'aunt.' I am middle-aged and have children of my own.*"

You are, and always will be, their aunt by marriage.

* * *

"*I HAVE had a steady girl-friend, but find that I like her cousin whom I met recently much better. The original girl shows no signs of wanting to fade out of the picture, and to make matters more difficult, the cousin's father thinks she is too young at 18 to go out with boys. What do you suggest I do?*"

It doesn't appear that her father will allow you to make much progress with the latest girl to occupy your attention. Whether you go back to your former girl-friend if she will have you, or seek a new interest, is entirely up to you. But as the girl you mention seems exceptionally tolerant of your roving eye, my advice is to return to her.

* * *

"*I HAVE been married for 15 years. My husband has always been everything he should be to the children and myself, but I have never really loved him. Now that I have lost him to another woman, I find I want him back. Should I give way to her, or try to get him back after all this time?*"

Even though you appear to have driven your husband into the arms of another woman by withholding the love and affection that should be his, as a wife it is your right to try to get him back if you can. You won't have an easy task, but having realised at this late stage all that your husband's company means to you, you would show yourself less than a woman if you meekly gave in and did not put up as good a fight to get him back as you know how.

When writing for advice on your problem . . .

LETTERS to Margaret Howard should bear the signature and address of the sender. All letters will be regarded as strictly confidential, and no names, pen-names, or addresses will be published. Pen friendships will not be arranged through this column.

Send your problem, addressing your letter to Margaret Howard, c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, to address at top of page 9.

She will deal with letters only, and can give no personal interviews. Do not write on legal or medical questions.

Cobwebs hung with nylons at fashion show

Compere of fantastic U.S. trade display wears a million dollars in diamonds

By PHILIPPA DAY from New York

Alice in Wonderland has nothing on me now. She's never seen a queen, wearing one million dollars' worth of diamonds, flirting with a sea-lion—but I have.

SHE never looked into a crystal ball to see her future and saw instead a beautiful blonde parading in a girdle; never saw a swimsuit that unzipped into a bath-mat, or a beach-coat with shoulders which zipped open to make a good-sized towel.

I have. I saw all this at the Fashion Fair at Madison Square Garden, and the Mad Hatter's Tea Party wouldn't bewilder me a bit now.

CLARE POTTER, noted U.S. dress designer.

The Fashion Fair, the first of its kind to be held in the United States, ranges from "intimate apparel" to luscious mink and ermine wraps.

Decor includes a showcase of gossamer-fine nylon stockings hung on a gossamer cobweb.

It's not just a straight mannequin parade. It's staged like a musical comedy, with a cast including models who would make the most reserved men whistle, with music by Payson Re's Stork Club orchestra that would soften the most determined critic of swing.

Producer is Leon Leonidoff, director of the Radio City Music Hall, and designer of the exotic sets is Raoul Pene du Bois, Broadway and Hollywood designer.

There are five stages, with four shows on each one every day, and arrayed about the stages are displays presented by 120 of America's leading manufacturers of women's clothing. Would your mouth water!

Just walking into the entrance foyer of the fair was enough to make me wonder. Decorated in blue and silver, it glitters with a costume jewellery display, including watches worth £1200, and strings of pearls worth £3000.

One showcase had a modernistic mermaid, literally dripping pearls.

Walking on a bit you come to the town wear section, treated in grey with huge line drawings of city scenes as background.

Showcases of accessories were placed close to the clothes which they were designed to accompany, and co-ordination of bags and shoes seemed the underlying theme. They call the matching bags "Shu-mates."

First show goes on the daytime stage. Set is a sidewalk scene complete with a theatre "barker," policeman, and commentator who describes what the lovely ladies wear. Scene is set outside a bridal show window. Describing it the commentator says enthusiastically: "It's their first wedding."

Next stage show comes on the "Intimate Apparel" stage, which is all that it's name implies.

It's a soft pink boudoir with huge mirrored walls. Male amateur photographers seemed to concentrate on this set. Here again was an Alice in Wonderland trick, for the mannequins, sitting in front of the mirrors, saw not themselves in the reflection but other models, wearing corsets with nipped waistlines, curved hips, high uplift bras.

The show started with a cavalcade of the negligee, ended with a light pyjama-clad model doing catherine wheels on the stage. Nothing is surprising any more.

Then came the junior stage which suggests a park playground, and then the sportswear stage, and finally the highlight—the theatre of high fashion.

Sequined sea-horses

HUNG with blue velvet curtains, the proscenium is guarded by two sea-horses of iridescent angel's hair, splattered with sequins.

Jinx Falkenburg, New York's glamor radio personality, is commentator, and costumes by America's leading designers are shown.

Just imagine in half an hour seeing clothes designed by Hattie Carnegie, Fira Benenson, of Bonwit Teller, Castillo of Elizabeth Arden, Walter Florel, Nettie Rosenstein, Sophie of Saks Fifth Avenue, Lilly Dache, Clare Potter, and so on.

Why not indulge in dreams when looking at Hattie Carnegie's off-the-shoulder evening frock in pale ice-blue satin with large puffed sleeves; or Fira Benenson's formal white taffeta with bodice draped in soft folds above a voluminous skirt appliqued with circles of fragile lace and beading.

Or Nettie Rosenstein's period gown of coppery satin with off-shoulder decolletage, and a cascade of drapery falling from a full bustle, or the white chiffon worn by Jinx Falkenburg in the finale trimmed with black taffeta and lace.

LILLY DACHE, famous for her hats.

With it she wears diamonds from Cartiers, a two-strand necklace, bracelet, and pendant ear-rings, worth a cool million dollars. She had four guards secreted behind the scenes.

The sea-lion came into the picture when Lew Parker, as commentator, said he'd like to thank Jinx for her part in the show by presenting her with a fur coat, led on the sea-lion, explained the coat wasn't made up yet.

Other novel items at the show were:

- Air-cooled shoulder-pads.
- Make-up for the body in a plastic preparation to supply wanted lines for shoulder, bust, and hip.
- A Man-U-Kit, a new manicure and pedicure kit, with a rest to hold fingers or toes steady while you manicure your nails.

Remove those tell-tale streaks of grey with Hillcastle Hair Pencil —— 7 Natural colours —— lasts and lasts.

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LOOK AT US NOW!

But not so long ago I was right out of the picture

Each Glass of Horlicks* before bed gives you . . .

Protein — essential to the growth and development of every part of the body. Without protein to form body and tissue cells, growth cannot take place and then wear and tear resulting from our daily activities is not made good.

Fat — almost entirely derived from milk; an efficient source of energy and also of vitamins A and D.

Carbohydrate — chiefly maltose and dextrin (perhaps the best source of quick energy) and lactose, which is of great value to young children.

Mineral Salts — to help in building tissue and in regulating body activities. These mineral salts include:

Calcium — of which there is a deficiency in many Australian diets and yet is so necessary for building sound bone and good teeth.

Vitamins A B, B_2 and D — each fulfilling its own special job in the maintenance of sound nutrition.

*Made with milk.

F7-4

HORLICKS GUARDS AGAINST NIGHT STARVATION

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4778876

Clouds have silver lining for English brothers

They forecast weather for holidaymakers, brides, butterfly hunters, films, or races

From BILL STRUTTON of our London staff

England's holiday-making millions are at last realising that something must be done about their weather.

They hear of and envy the blithe lack of meteorological caution with which we Australians can go ahead planning our picnics and surf outings.

WITH grim memories of the downpours that ruined their summer stay at Clacton-on-Sea, or the wind that wrecked their open-air camp on the Thames, near Windsor, this is what a substantial proportion of them are now doing.

They fill in a form saying when and where they plan their holidays, send it off to the Bartlett Brothers, with 2/6 for the trouble the brothers will take on their behalf. Back comes a reply which tells them exactly what sort of weather they can expect.

Couples setting their wedding date write to John and Denis Bartlett before they put up the banns to find out if Sunday week will see it fine in Tooting.

These brothers have been warning, reassuring, forbidding all sorts of people about the weather for more than 12 years.

John Bartlett claims to be the most useful husband a British housewife could have. When Mrs. Bartlett leaves in the morning on a shopping tour, she asks him, "Will it be all right if I don't take my macintosh?"

"Darling," he says with the weary reproach of a prophet who has to repeat himself, "I told you last week—it will be perfectly all right!"

He had already warned her, along with the rest of the nation, just how wicked Britain's winter was going to be.

"We'd better get in stores, then," said trim, pretty Mrs. John Bartlett, knowing better than to question his prophecy. "Let's see . . . that means saving coal and putting in a supply of root vegetables."

While other British people shivered around empty grates or queued up for the privilege of a pound of potatoes, they sat snugly before a roaring hearth in their flat in Paddington.

In addition to Mrs. Bartlett, who doesn't hang out a shirt to dry without consulting John, others depending on his knowledge of climate include many film companies, several oil concerns, and a whole string of goloshes manufacturers timing their advertising campaigns.

"It's cooler this way—and drier when it rains!"

Numerous macintosh companies, explorers, caterers, transport syndicates, sports organisers, racing officials, department stores, would-be record-breakers, trawler captains, and even butterfly hunters also await his pronouncements.

The Bartlett Brothers, both slim, neat, clerkish-looking, claim to know all about the weather a year ahead, anywhere in the world.

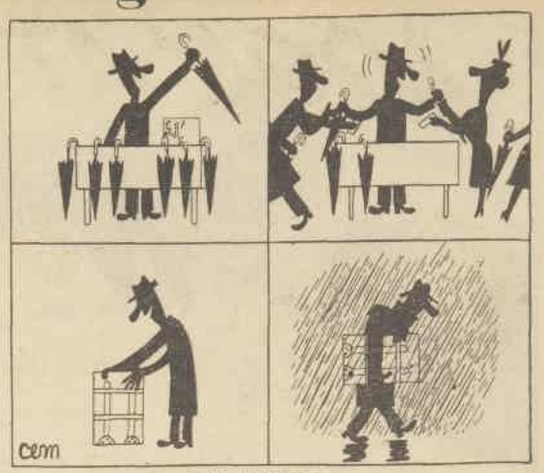
John and Denis laugh at the timid 48-hour limit of official weather forecasts, and often laugh at the forecast itself. They claim 80 per cent. accuracy in all the predictions they have made; in fickle Britain that is good.

As schoolboys whose parents encouraged them to take interest in scientific subjects they made the weather their hobby from the day they hit upon an idea for forecasting it.

A formula gradually grew out of their research, based upon the history of weather ever since it has been recorded. From John comes the guarded reply: "We do it all by figures.

"You see, in weather, as in all things, there's law and order. It comes in what we call cyclic periods, that is, it repeats itself—within certain limits. We have established that principle beyond doubt.

"After the First World War we started working out the weather from our own mathematical formula, based on our own records of the weather for centuries. Our research into this was fascinating. We delved into Pepys' Diary, old Anglo-Saxon chronicles, the early newspapers, even the Bible—which provided us with some surprisingly accurate data.



THE SALESMAN

"One of our best sources of information in the last century has been sports writers, who often mention the exact conditions affecting a particular sports function on a specific date.

"Predicting for a stable climate like Australia's is, by comparison with our English weather problems, as easy as falling off a log.

"Whereas Britain will be experiencing an early winter season, Australian farmers will have to watch out for notable drought conditions at the end of this year, from November into December

"It takes us about four months yearly to work out what Britain's weather is going to be for the next twelve months.

"We grew up among figures and facts, and perfected our formula for working out the weather on paper by 1926. Then we spent the next ten years trying to tear it to pieces. We couldn't. So we went into business with it.

"During the war they enrolled us on top-secret jobs for the Navy and the Army, predicting weather conditions for commando landings and naval operations.

"We kept our formula locked away even from the authorities, but their trust in us was justified. We have a sheaf of thankful letters from men like the Earl of Atholl to bear us out.

"Now we are going back to the gay days of before the war.

"That means we hop into a car about midnight on Friday and decide on the spot we shall head for.

"Usually we choose a locality where we know the weather is going to be sticky and very interesting, and we are off on our idea of a bright week-end—er, only from a meteorological point of view, of course."

"I was amazed! **THESE 40-YR-OLD BLANKETS are still thick and fluffy thanks to VELVET!"**

MEET MY FRIEND MRS. WOOD of 14 Phillip St., Lakemba, N.S.W. Like her mother-in-law before her, she has really proved how Velvet makes clothes last longer.

*(Original letter in our files.)

SAYS *Aunt Jenny*

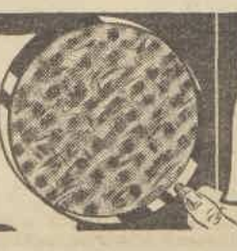
"THESE BLANKETS belonged to my husband's mother," says Mrs. Wood. "They've been used winter and summer for 40 years—and in all that time have known nothing but Velvet. Why I often say they're just as soft as kitty."

"FORTY YEARS if they're a day, Aunt Jenny! These lovely old hand-embroidered shams and quilt have been in constant use for three generations of Woods. It was my mother-in-law who put me on to Velvet—and I've used it ever since I was a bride."

"I'M STILL USING my trousseau linens," continues Mrs. Wood, "and I've got Velvet to thank for *that!"* Yes, ladies, those gentle Velvet suds really keep the wedding-day newness in your linens.

This is Mrs. Wood taken on her wedding day 19 years ago.

FABRICS WASHED WITH ORDINARY SOAPS—seen under a magnifying glass—look frayed and worn out because hard rubbing is necessary with skimpy, inferior lather. And look how those weary-willie suds leave dirt ingrained in the weave!



FABRICS WASHED WITH VELVET SOAP—seen under a magnifying glass—stay strong as new, year after year, because no hard rubbing is needed with Velvet's extra-soapy suds. And not a trace of dirt left behind.

J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.

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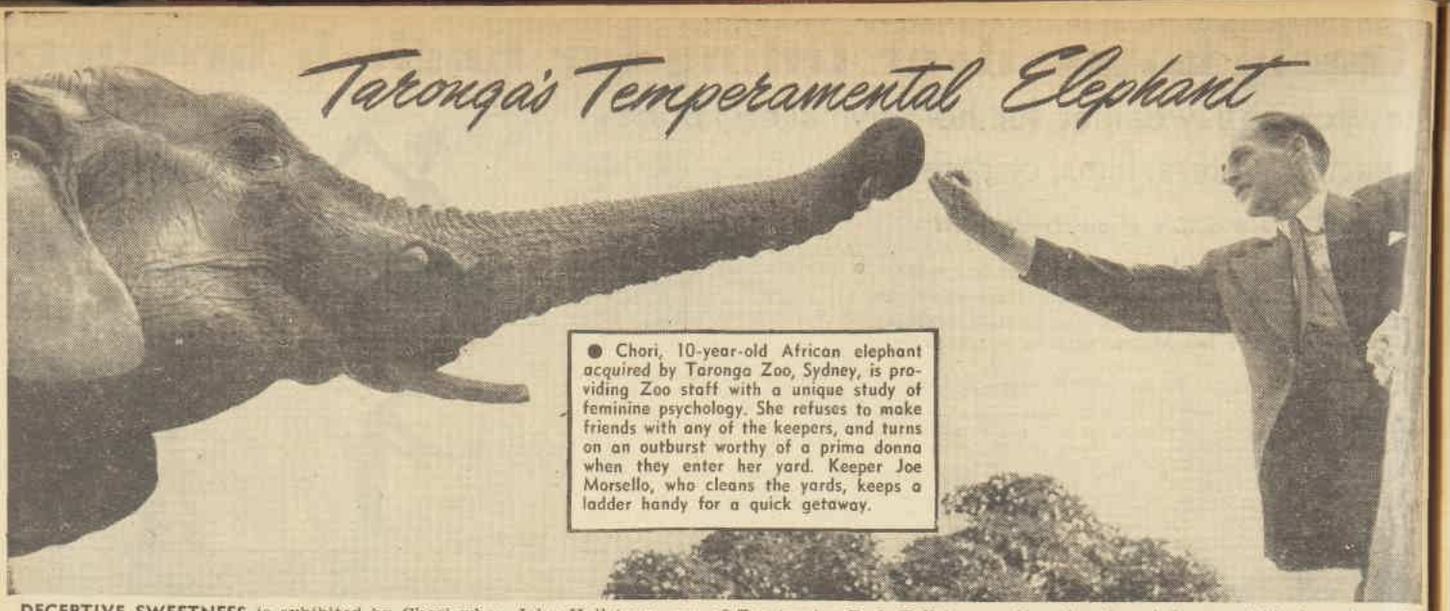
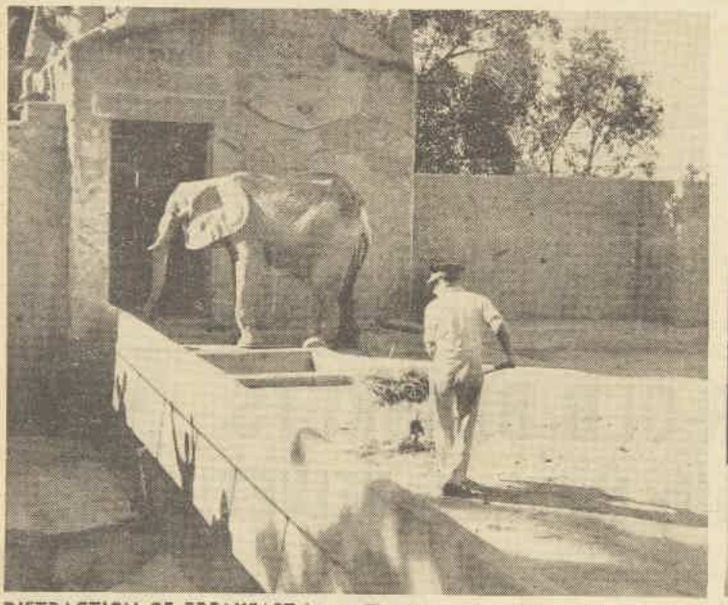
Taronga's Temperamental Elephant

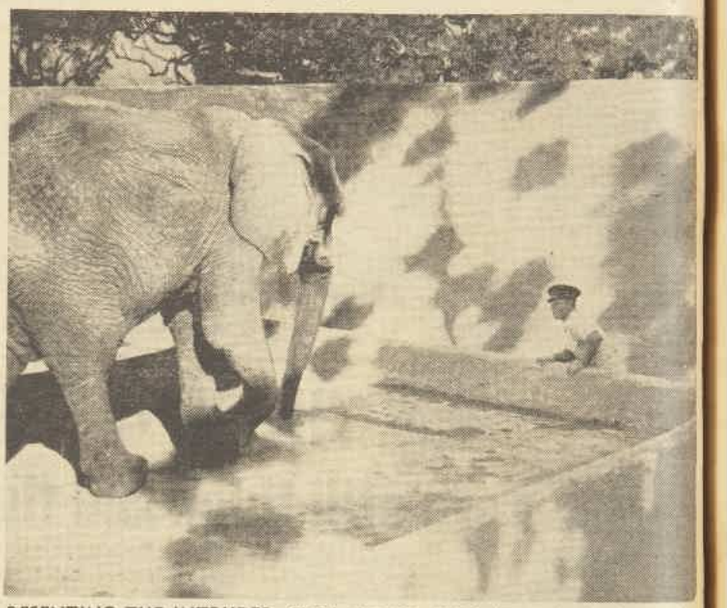


● Chori, 10-year-old African elephant acquired by Taronga Zoo, Sydney, is providing Zoo staff with a unique study of feminine psychology. She refuses to make friends with any of the keepers, and turns on an outburst worthy of a prima donna when they enter her yard. Keeper Joe Morsello, who cleans the yards, keeps a ladder handy for a quick getaway.

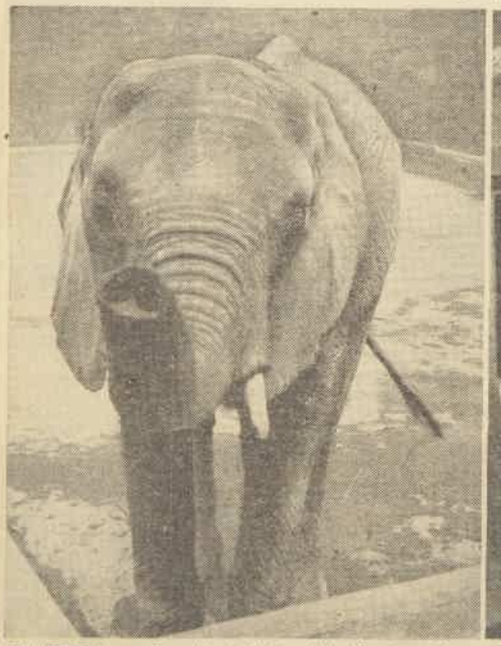
DECEPTIVE SWEETNESS is exhibited by Chori when John Hallstrom, son of Zoo trustee E. J. Hallstrom, offers her bread from outside her den. He brought her to Australia from Swiss mission in Tanganyika, coaxes her with native phrases. A staff photographer illustrates Chori's whimsies here.



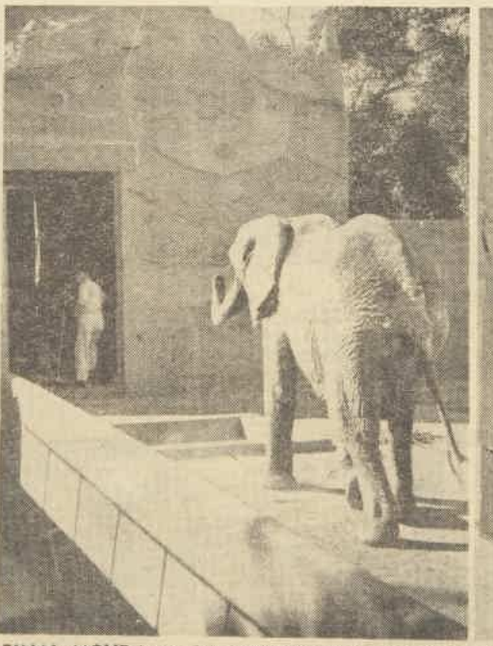
DISTRACTION OF BREAKFAST keeps Chori occupied while keeper Morsello starts cleaning the yard. All seems to be going smoothly, until



RESENTING THE INTRUDER, Chori charges, head lowered, trunk waving angrily. Morsello doesn't waste time arguing. He's off down the ladder.



TANTRUM reaches its height with Chori raising her trunk and trumpeting her defiance at the world.



FINAL MOVE is to drive Morsello from the other end of her den. He sees her coming — and runs.

SATISFIED with her performance, Chori allows friend John Hallstrom to tempt her with leaves.

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America—as depicted by Hollywood

Any resemblance to real life is purely coincidental

This description of how America appears to foreigners who rely entirely on films for their impressions of the United States is by C. A. Lejeune, film critic of the "London Observer" and London film correspondent for the "New York Times" in which it first appeared. It is republished here by arrangement with that paper.

In a foreword the "New York Times" says, "In this country Hollywood's particular view of American habits and manners is seldom accepted as literal, but in many parts of the world it serves as the only picture of life in the United States."

By CAROLINE A. LEJEUNE

America looks like this to filmgoers who rely entirely on movies for their impressions.

THE United States of America is a cosy little country, consisting of three small States — California, Kentucky, and Texas; a vague area known as the Middle West; a rather demode section called the Wild, or Woolly, West, and New York. There used to be another State called Georgia, but that was away back in history days.

California is where the film stars live; it has one town called Hollywood, and a lot of empty space. Kentucky is used for raising horses; the best people to raise horses are adolescent boys.

Texas is populated by very tall men in white hats and plaid shirts, who roll their cigarettes and talk with a drawl. Their job is a bit indefinite, but whatever it is they take their time over it, and get outside their territory a lot.

Geography

THE Middle West is sort of an innocent place; all the inhabitants look kinda naive. The boys chew straws, and take a helluva time to get hold of a simple thought. The girls look fresh and blossomy, like Jeanne Crain. They dream a lot, dress in gingham.

The Wild and Woolly West isn't what it used to be. It still offers one startling natural phenomenon. It's always sunset in the West. But the place has grown sissified since they got rid of the Indians. Nowadays even the cowboys are vocalised.

New York, tucked away behind the Statue of Liberty, consists of two parts, Brooklyn and Broadway. Everyone in New York is either terribly rich or frightfully poor. The terribly rich live in things called penthouses. The advantage of living in a penthouse is that you can look out of your window and see Brooklyn Bridge, beyond which people live in tenements. In New York nobody starts to do anything until it gets dark.

Then the terribly rich slip into mink, or white tie and tails, and set out to work their way through the night clubs and bars. The frightfully poor start their day's hard work, too. The working men in New York are mostly policemen and keepers of delicatessen stores. The working girls are all showgirls.

These constitute the main geographical sections of America. Other outstanding spots are Chicago, where gangsters tear up and down the streets in black bullet-proof cars, mowing people down with machine-guns; Boston, an old-fashioned rather stuffy place; Washington, stolid and overcrowded; San Francisco, where private inquiry agents operate along the waterfront in a perpetual fog; Atlantic City, where business men go on conventions with Blondes.

History

THE history of America is short and easy to remember. There have been two internal wars: A dull skirmish with the English about tea, which was all right once they got rid of Benedict Arnold, and a really dressy struggle between the North and South. The North won, and were right, but the South, who lost, were nicer. After that, nothing happened until 1916, when some people called doughboys went to Europe and won a war.

On December 7, 1941, the Japs attacked Pearl Harbor, and some people called GI's had to go out to the Pacific and lick the pants off them. Any American who survived the Pacific War came home with a Purple Heart and an amnesia complex.

America is governed by a President and Senators. There have been three Presidents of the United States: George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, and Theodore Roosevelt.

Pardon me, I am wrong; it has lately transpired there was another President called Something Wilson, who was devoted to his family, and liked to stand by the piano, listening to old songs. He was shockingly misunderstood, and wore eyeglasses.

Politics

THE Senators are smooth, well-kept men in double-breasted suits. The ones that aren't long-winded bores are frightfully corrupt. All politicians in America are corrupt.

The most corrupt are called Governors, and they earn their living by protecting racketeers. Attorneys known as Mouthpieces, are corrupt too. The only policeman in America you can trust is a street cop, and then only if he's called O'Sullivan.

The population of the country is remarkably small—not more than a few hundred people, sometimes not more than a few families, to each town.

The average family consists of Pop and Mom, Grandma, son and daughter of college age, and Junior, who looks best asleep. Junior is a great one for saying his prayers. He also says, "Go jump in a pond," "G'wan, kiss the guy," "Mom, why doesn't Pop come home to us any more?" and "Jeepers Creepers."

The people of America are always beautifully dressed. On an average they change their clothes every ten minutes. Everything they put on is new, perfectly tailored and crisply pressed. Even the cowboys wear fresh shirts all the time. You never see anybody in a garment with a darn or patch.

They simply throw the things away and start again. The only needlework done in America is the knitting of tiny garments.

The houses are built on a curious architectural plan, with no back elevation, sections of staircase, and none of the usual offices. The main articles of furniture are the ice-box and the telephone.

The catering for the average American household is a simple job. Except in the Middle West, folk don't have to eat much. They simply keep going on champagne cocktails and inexhaustible supplies of Scotch.

The fauna of America consists mainly of the horse and the Cairn terrier; now and then the discerning eye may detect, in the distance, a stampede of cows. The flora is largely confined to the orchid and the long-stemmed rose. The rose is a peculiarly interesting variety, having extraordinary lasting qualities, and no thorns. You can pluck it with the bare hand, or clasp it to the bare bosom without being pricked.

The leading national pastimes are baseball, jive, riding on roller coasters, and necking. Necking is the most important, and can't be started at too early an age. As soon as a child is big enough to be kissed by the boy next door and whistled after in the street, she is sent to school to study necking properly.

Way of life

A SMART girl, by the time she's through with school and college, has learned all there is to learn, and is ready to face the world. Besides necking, she can jitterbug, ride, skate, mix a highball, and croon a throaty torch-song. She knows the two ways of life, the American Way and the wrong way, and can read the larger headlines in a newspaper.

Around this time, she's ready for marriage. She gets married in the early twenties, at latest, to a handsome, sun-tanned young man not more than seven feet high. He has a whimsical smile, hair with the cutest crinkle, a dimple in his cheek or chin, and a rather bumptious manner.

She doesn't notice the bumptious manner, because all she's marrying him for is to Have Fun. By profession he is an artist or an architect, a scientist or a secret agent, or maybe he just has a yen for building bridges. In any case, deep down inside of him, he knows that Having Fun is the thing he's always needed.

Having Fun, in the last instance, is the inalienable right of every American citizen. It means a prolonged and hilarious bender for two, pursued without inhibitions through half a dozen noisy night clubs. It may end in a police cell, an automobile crash, a trip to Reno, a blessed event, or simply a hangover with an icepack. But, however it works out, Having Fun is the great tribal ceremony of America, the crowning ritual of national life.

Her dolls are people in miniature

From E. H. BAILEY of our London staff

Australia will soon be seeing the Bienenstock dolls.

Petite, dark and smiling Anna Bienenstock has signed an agreement for their export, so the dolls will soon be appearing in the department stores of Australia's leading cities.

ANNA is an artist and her dolls are different from all others because they are like real people.

Mothers can take their children along to see her and have dolls modelled as exact replicas of the youngsters. Film-crazy girls can have dolls [illegible] like their favorite stars.

The children who go along to see Anna simply love it because her sunny flat in Hampstead is like a small girl's dream, with dolls and woolly animals of her own making in every chair.

When, as refugee from Nazi oppression, Anna Bienenstock arrived in England ten years ago from Vienna, she made a precarious living by painting on china and glass, by making painted dinner mats and lampshades, designing Christmas cards, and by fulfilling infrequent orders for pastel portraits.

Then came the war, and Anna joined the emergency nursing service. One night a fire-bomb hit her tiny flat and destroyed practically everything in her gay and colorful bed-sitting-room.

With cheery courage and not much money Anna set about refurnishing, making quite a good job out of packing-cases and chintz. But she felt that something was missing, that the room was austere and needed brightening.

She decided that an exotically dressed eccentric doll would give it just the right touch of companionship and color.

In her free time she toured the shops, but she could not find the type of doll she wanted.

"I'll make one myself," she thought, and set to work with a pair of old stockings and some cotton-wool, a bit of candle-wax, her paint-box, and the tattered remains of an old evening frock.

Weeks of work followed. At last the doll was finished, a tiny tricorne hat perched on the side of its white wig, and its white-gloved hands—made from Anna's last pair of long kid gloves—crossed on its taffeta lap.

A friend saw the doll and wanted one like it—and Anna was launched on a new career.

Now Miss Bienenstock works night and day to fulfil the orders that pour in by every post. Large shops ask her for dolls' jazz bands complete with instruments and white-gloved conductors, and ballet fans pay heavily for Margot Fontaine as "Sleeping Beauty."

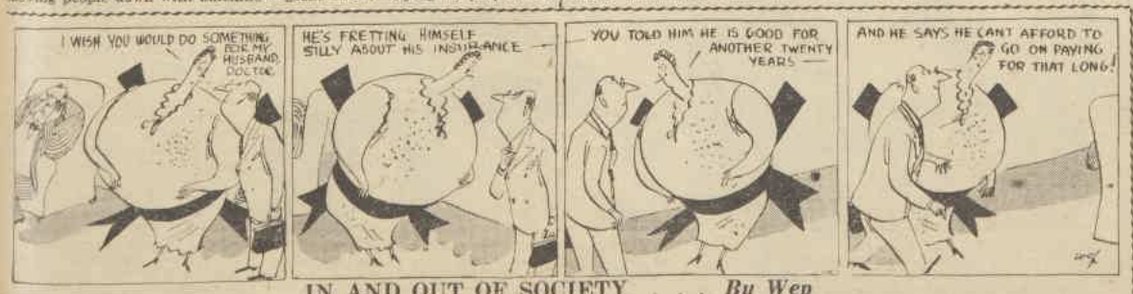
Film stars most in demand are Carmen Miranda, Margaret Lockwood, Stewart Granger, and Frank Sinatra.

And Anna still makes them all from old stockings and scraps—mostly supplied by her friends.

For a single doll about 2ft. 6in. long she charges six guineas, for a pair ten guineas. But the shops sell them at anything from eight to 20 guineas.

This seems a fantastic price until one realises that every exquisite garment is hand-made, including shoes and hats, and that everything is made to take off.

"Sometimes when I am making a doll I get so attached to it that when it is finished I don't want to sell," says Anna. "But of course I can't afford to be sentimental. All the same, those I really like I often repeat to add to my own collection."



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . *By Wep*

★ KREAM CORNFLOUR MAKES A "SWEET" APPEAL AT ANY MEAL ★

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4778879

Baby will not end star's career

Shirley Temple to combine work and family

By cable from VIOLA MacDONALD in Hollywood

There is a new maturity about Shirley Temple as she approaches motherhood.

Interviewing Shirley on the river bank at Warners where she is making a film called "Mary Hagen" I found the former child star full of plans for her expected infant.

SHE is turning one of her bedrooms into a nursery, and as she expects to continue acting will engage a nurse for the baby. "I know that I told you last year I would take care of my children myself," said Shirley.

"Since then I have changed my mind. I hope to have a large family and devote much time to them, but I realise I must have help with the children.

"I am taking a keen interest at present in my three-year-old nephew Stanley, my brother Jack's little son, and I have learned to bath him and put him to bed at night."

Discussing pictures generally, Shirley asked if I had seen "The Overlanders." She was particularly impressed with Daphne Campbell's performance and looks.

"What a beautiful girl she is. She reminds me of Ingrid Bergman.

"Are all Australian girls as lovely as Daphne?"

Shirley still has a naive, child-like look, despite her twenty years. Her figure has thinned down considerably, but dimples still play about her chin.

Shirley talked also about her husband. "Jack is playing his first leading part in a film titled 'War Party,'" she said.

"I'm going to be in the picture, too, just as soon as I finish my role here at Warners'. Jack now is on location in Arizona. He telephoned me last night, saying that the terrific heat on the first day's shooting gave him something else to think about rather than his acting.

"Of course, Jack is inexperienced in films, but at Selznick's studio here, where we both are under contract, he has been taking drama lessons for the past year.

"We rehearse plays together at home and I am sure that people will like my husband on the screen."

Shirley says she is not in the least bit selfconscious at the thought of playing opposite her husband, and hopes that her own many years' experience will help him. She is determined not to give him advice unless he asks for it.

While Jack Agar is in Arizona, Shirley has a girl friend staying with her.

"I thought of moving in with mother, but have my collie dog and all my birds to look after, so I decided I would stay at home."

Shirley's role in "Mary Hagen" is her first important dramatic part. She plays a small-town girl who is driven to the verge of suicide by gossipy neighbors who believe that she is illegitimate.

The scene we watched that day was where Shirley throws herself into the river after being jilted by a small-town Romeo (Rory Calhoun). Rory also is a Selznick player who has been lent to Warners to play opposite Shirley.

Some columnists printed the story that Shirley was disappointed that she was unable to play opposite her husband in "War Party" because she was expecting a baby, but Shirley denied this by saying, "Nothing would stop me.

"It has been my goal since our marriage. I have a fine role as a colonel's daughter who falls in love with a handsome soldier. I hope to make many more films with Jack in the future. This one is only the beginning."

SHIRLEY TEMPLE and her husband, John Agar, visit a Hollywood night-club before John leaves for his first film assignment on location in Arizona. Shirley will retire soon to await the birth of their child next January.

Australian director may return home

By cable from BILL STRUTTON in London

AUSTRALIAN Test cricketer Sid Barnes and touring golf champion Norman Von Nida have been repaying the hospitality of Australian film director Bluey Hill by making him homesick.

As I walked on to the set of "Anna Karenina" to say hello to Vivien Leigh, Bluey tapped me on the shoulder, and said:

"Tell Vivien I'm thinking of going out to Australia with her and Larry as her manager. See what she says."

Vivien and Bluey have been firm friends since they worked together on "Caesar and Cleopatra."

Vivien's reply was, "That would be wonderful. Tell Bluey to make sure he is not tied up from January onwards, because we will be leaving at any time after that."

In between conferences on the new film he is working on for Sir Alexander Korda, tall, muscular, live-wire Bluey Hill organised a London Films Production cricket team which plays against rival studios and brings its own beer and sandwiches.

The team is composed of stars, technicians, extras, and Bluey, who took three wickets in one over recently. He says that his team is so good he won't be able to fit a Test batsman into the side unless he will agree to be twelfth man.

* * *

OFF comes the famous David Niven moustache. Fans may be alarmed, but this drastic operation is necessary in the interests of historical fact when David swaggers in the garb of "Bonnie Prince Charlie."

David is not so worried about this as he is by the wardrobe's intention to dress him up as a peasant girl. The Bonnie Prince used the disguise for escape from the Roundheads, but David's male dignity is outraged. He fears he might look "too sissy."

* * *

NEW Irish star Kieron Moore, who plays Vivien Leigh's lover, Vronsky, in Korda's new version of "Anna Karenina," tells me that he plans to marry star Barbara White as soon as he finishes this film.

"We are going to have our honeymoon in Italy. Everyone kids me about my passion for Italy, but I think it is about the most wonderful country in the world."

Kieron also has a refreshing attitude towards his fans.

"The day I refuse to make a personal appearance because I'm frightened of being torn to pieces, or refuse to sign any more autographs because I am frightened of getting writer's cramp, will be the day I'll be no longer entitled to be called a film star."

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney

LANA TURNER and Van Heflin, who co-star in MGM's period technicolor film "Green Dolphin Street," discuss their roles. The story is set mostly in New Zealand in days of warfare between Maoris and British.

STEWART GRANGER shows his son Jamie the results of Mrs. Granger's fruit preserving in the kitchen of their home in Surrey. Stewart will be seen soon in Cineguild's technicolor film "Blanche Fury."

Film Reviews

★★★ THE LATE GEORGE APLEY

RONALD COLMAN returns to the screen with a beautifully balanced comedy performance of a middle-aged Bostonian of 1912. Fox have made John P. Marquand's Pulitzer Prize winning satire on snobbish Boston into an excellent film.

As George Apley, who believes that what was good enough for his grandfather is good enough for him and his family, Colman's role is a new one for him, but his fans will love it. Poor George receives many rude shocks when his son and daughter both fall in love with people whom he considers entirely unsuitable. His personal ambition to become President of the Blue Hill Bird Watchers' Society (a magnificent touch) is also nearly thwarted.

Peggy Cummins is delightful as the daughter, and Richard Ney properly stodgy as the son.—Century; showing.

★★ BEWARE OF PITY

IN adapting Stefan Zweig's powerful novel, Two Cities Productions (released by GBD) have lost some of its essential drama.

Film deals with the incalculable damage done by well-meaning people who take pity on suffering, and it stars Lilli Palmer as the hopelessly crippled young Baroness Edith De Kekesfalva. She is befriended by dashing Lieut. Anton Marek (Albert Lieven), and led to believe that he is in love with her.

Tragedy of the situation is well brought out, due to the capable work of Miss Palmer.—Embassy; showing.

★★ MEMORY'S HARVEST

AN interesting and successful experiment has been the dubbing in of English voices to a Soviet film.

McCreadie Brothers, of Embassy Pictures (Sydney), are responsible for this enterprising step in local film production. They employed well-known actors Peter Finch, Bill Lewin, Queenie Ashton, April Leslie and John Fernside to give the Russian musical an English soundtrack, and credit is due to them all.

The story is unusual for a Soviet film, as it is a gay musical. Its star, Lemeshev, has a magnificent tenor, and fits perfectly into the role of a taxi-driver who becomes a great opera star. His voice is heard in all the music, but Peter Finch speaks his lines in English. The dubbing is remarkably good.—Savoy; showing.

★ TARZAN AND THE HUNTRESS

ONCE again Cheta, the amazing chimpanzee, strolls off with all the acting honors in the latest of the Tarzan series from RKO.

Youthful audiences will be thrilled by the comic actions of Cheta as they watch the story of Tarzan's fight against an invasion of hunters who wish to capture the wild animals which have roamed free. Johnny Weissmuller is Tarzan again, but Johnny Sheffield as Boy is growing a bit too quickly for the film.—Empire; showing.

ENJOY TEA BUD FLAVOR AT ITS FINEST — ASK FOR BUSHELLS, THE TEA OF FLAVOR.

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Animal stars in films

JIMMY DURANTE, of MGM, laughs at the antics of Mack, a colorful macaw which earns more than fifty pounds a week in films.

JOEY, the Australian kangaroo which was specially trained for a part in the Cagney film "The Stray Lamb." He died before the picture was completed, but is to be replaced by another kangaroo. Joey's friendly personality made him very popular and he received greetings from some of the famous Goldwyn girls.

MARGARET O'BRIEN greets one of her best friends when Lassie, the leader of the canine stars, pays her a morning call at MGM.

RED SKELTON talks to Jackie, famous lion whose head appears at the beginning of every MGM film and also occasionally has a film part. Jackie's latest role is in Betty Hutton's current Paramount starring film, "Perils of Pauline."

SMOKY, beautiful black horse and star in his own right at a salary of more than three hundred pounds a week, gets a kiss from Cathy Downs on location with Fox.

Sole your own shoes with a DUNLOP Kromhyd Home Repair Outfit ——Guaranteed to out-wear two leather soles

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Actual Statement by *Margaret Lockwood*
Gainsborough star in "A Place of One's Own"

The bath and complexion care of 9 out of every 10 film stars.

No careless cleansing for Margaret Lockwood's Dresden Shepherdess complexion! She gives her skin regular active-lather facials with Lux Toilet Soap. Try this pure white soap yourself! Pat in the creamy Lux Toilet Soap lather! Rinse with warm water, splash with cold and pat with soft towel to dry. Tests prove that 3 out of 4 complexions improve in a short time with this simple care. Take a daily beauty bath with Lux Toilet Soap, too, and see your skin grow lovelier all over.

LT.199.26

duo-texture combines the best points of **knitting** and **weaving.**

Wondoflex is a combination of soft resilient knit-wear and smooth, firm woven texture. It is not available by the yard, but made up in model frocks — the label will tell you if it's **WONDOFLEX.**

FROM LEADING SALONS IN SUITS AND FROCKS

1 FIRST MEETING of surgeon Dr. Michael Joyce (James Mason) and Emma Wright (Rosamund John) occurs when Emma takes young daughter Anne (Anne Stephens) for eyesight examination.

2 SHARING ANXIETY of a critical operation on Anne to save her sight, Michael and Emma fall in love, but as she is married they agree not to meet again.

3 AFTER RECOVERY, Anne is worried by untrue insinuations of her mother's sister, Kate Howard (Pamela Kellino), who has also fallen in love with Michael and hopes he will marry her.

4 AT INQUEST following Emma's apparently accidental death, Michael's suspicions are roused by Anne's silence and too glib evidence given by Kate.

THE UPTURNED GLASS

JAMES MASON'S first job of producing his own British film and acting as its star introduces his wife, Pamela Kellino, as feminine lead. Released through GBD, the original story was written by John Monaghan, who collaborated with Miss Kellino in writing the film script.

Sombre in theme throughout, the story depicts the mental illness of a brilliant surgeon who is led to murder following the killing of the woman he loves. It was the last film Mason made in England before he went to America.

5 TO SOLVE mystery, Michael talks to Anne, who finally admits she has been warned by Kate not to talk of accident.

6 PLANNING REVENGE, Michael flirts with Kate in the hope of discovering the way that she killed her sister.

7 VISIT to Emma's house, which is up for sale, gives Michael his chance personally to avenge her death. He traps Kate and kills her by method she used for murder.

8 ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE results in Michael accidentally meeting fellow doctor, who discovers Kate's body in car. He tells Michael he has become insane through desire for revenge.

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By Australian designers

● Furnishing fabrics in the background were specially designed by leading Australian artists Roy Dalgarno, Roderick Shaw, Russell Drysdale, and Douglas Annand.

"Cross Section," by Sheila Gray, one of 33 artists commissioned by Australian Silk and Textiles, is admired by model Joan Dolly Watkins. (See story next page.)

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Give it a lovely gloss that reflects sunshine and fireglow give it the lasting polish that LIQUID VENEER imparts so lastingly. This polish is wonderful for cleaning, beautifying and preserving highly-finished surfaces. Adds years to the "life" of your treasured furniture. Good for motor cars, too. Obtainable at all good-class hardware stores.

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PRICES 4 oz. 1/11, 12 oz. 3/10.

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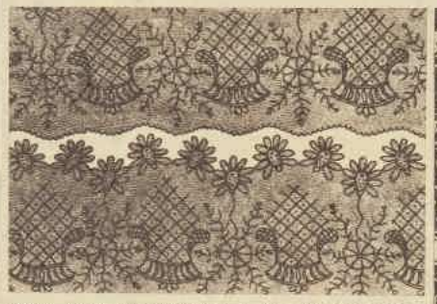
PRINTING TABLE. To obtain the full coloring of Donald Friend's furnishing fabric, "Pearl Divers," eight separate screens are laid down. Tables are 44 yards long, operators take 20 minutes to work from one end to the other. In an eight-color job, they must do this eight times. Rubber gloves protect their hands from dyes.

Well-known artists style fabrics



REAL LACE photographed on to pure silk dress fabric and called "Andalusia"—new technique in fabric printing developed by Australian textile firm.

FAMOUS Australian artist William Dobell created this design. It's called "Burlesque"

● Those who have admired highly priced canvases of our most successful artists will be able soon to decorate their homes with furnishing fabrics and wear dresses made of material designed by them for an Australian firm.

SOME of the materials photographed in color are shown on page 43.

Labelled Modernage Fabrics, a representative collection of the work of 33 leading artists will be shown at an exhibition opening in Sydney at the Australia Hotel on September 1 and in Melbourne on October 6 at the Windsor Hotel.

Designs are typical of the artists who created them. None have shown any consciousness of creating for a medium that imposes restraints or limitations.

The Margaret Preston bottlebrush design is typical Preston. The William Constable fabric, "Corroboree," has the elegance and delicacy that makes it unmistakably Constable.

As well as the artist's original color scheme, fabrics are printed in three or four alternative colorranges approved by the designer.

One of the loveliest heavy rayon dress materials is by Louden Sainthill, and shows the recurring motif of a dark green Etruscan head and a burnt umber urn against an oyster ground.

Among the furnishing fabrics, "Stone and Wood," designed by Russell Drysdale, is one of the most outstanding. It is a typical Drysdale work; the exquisite formation and detail of these seemingly unpromising subjects are presented in a muted color range on a white ground.

Artists are free to create their own designs. If any technical difficulties arise they are dealt with later with the co-operation of plant technicians.

First top-ranking artist to break new ground by creating a design for Silk and Textile Printers was Orban.

"Our association with him goes a long way back," says Mr. Alcorso, the managing director. "Years ago some of the girls from the designing department attended a show of his work. They were so stimulated and excited by what they saw that we decided it would be an excellent thing to send them to him as students in the company's time.

"Previously they had been unconsciously influenced by the conventional French and Italian textile designers.

"In creating designs abroad, fresh outlook is indispensable. Our art staff go to Orban, not as students of textile design, but as art students.

"Because it isn't possible to put a commercial price on the design of a man like Dobell or Drysdale," Mr. Alcorso said, "artists working with us receive a royalty on every yard sold of a textile bearing their design.

"The Prices Commissioner has approved this arrangement. We make no down-payment for the design. The artist shares with us the gamble that his creation will sell."

Each year the company plans to put out an entirely new range of designs in dress and furnishing textiles created by Australian artists.

Several of the designs have been shown to English and Continental manufacturers, who have expressed approval.

Mr. Alcorso hopes to take the exhibition to the U.S.A.

"I know that it would create unprecedented interest," he said. "This is a young country; the work of Australian artists in the textile field is entirely fresh and original."

NOW IS SEED-SOWING TIME

EXCEPT in the extreme south, where frosts are often experienced well into early October, and on the tablelands, where the season is at least a month to six weeks later than the warmer, coastal belts, practically all annual flower-seed and most vegetables can be sown now.

Among the annual flowers that can be sown now are the colorful amaranthus, asters, Californian poppy, celosia, clarkia, cockscomb, coleus, cosmos, helichrysum, ageratum, gaillardia, gomphrena, marigolds, petunia, phlox, portulaca, salpiglossis and zinnia.

Perennials and biennials which may be sown any time between now and the end of October are calliopsis, columbines, dahlias, delphiniums, dianthus, dimorphothecas, bellis perennis, gaillardias, gerberas, geums, Russell lupins, salvia, shasta daisy, and snapdragons.

Then come the vegetables, such as French dwarf and climbing beans of all kinds, beetroots, carrots, celery, cress, cucumber, egg-plant, lettuce, most herbs, marrow, mustard, parsnip, peas (in cool, highland areas), pumpkins, melons, radishes, rockmelons, silver beet, spinach, squash, sweet corn, tomato, and a final lot of white turnip.—**Our Home Gardener.**

Buy it for him...

TRY IT YOURSELF

VITALIS—the double purpose Hair Dressing.

FOR MEN WITH THINNING HAIR AND LOOSE DANDRUFF. Once a week soak the entire scalp with Vitalis. Rub in briskly and let it remain for a few minutes. Then wash and rinse thoroughly. When the hair is dry, massage the scalp with more Vitalis and work it in vigorously. Comb into place and brush firmly.

FOR WOMEN WITH DRY HAIR. Before each shampoo, massage the scalp with Vitalis and let it remain for several minutes. Then shampoo and rinse thoroughly. Before the hair is entirely dry, rub the scalp with just a little Vitalis and then dress the hair. Your hair will have a lovely gloss and you will never have to say: "I can't do a thing with my hair after a shampoo!"

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Manufactured by Bristol-Myers Co. Pty. Ltd. Sydney.

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to revel in the delightful cream-like lather of Cuticura Soap. It keeps his tender skin healthy and exquisitely soft and velvety.

One of the famous trio—Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum Powder.

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Do you suffer through the curse of excessive drinking? Eucrasy has been the means of changing misery to happiness in homes for the past 50 years. Harmless; can be given Secretly or taken Voluntarily. State which required. Posted in plain wrapper.

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A luminous look . . .
FOR SUNNY DAYS

By CAROLYN EARLE, Our Beauty Expert

PLOTTING a cosmetic horoscope for warm days ahead becomes relatively simple after a talk with visiting U.S. make-up expert Miss Nancy Bryan.

Miss Bryan says that when she left New York the summer season was in full swing, and the cosmetic situation could be summed up in three words—"the luminous look."

Whether you are bundy-punching, beachcombing, or night-clubbing, "the look" was essential there, and, it is safe to say, will be just as necessary here.

Essentials, says Miss Bryan, are a pretty mouth and eyes in a fresh, natural-looking face.

Given a good light, an honest mirror, a steady hand, and, of course, the magic foundation keyed to your skin tone, the rest is relatively simple.

This fresh, pretty summer trend has even invaded New York's swankiest night-clubs, where Nancy Bryan says one is more likely to see gleaming cheeks and centre-face sheen than the alleged night-club pallor.

For those who feel something less than well-groomed without face powder there remains a two-way choice.

Either dust a film of powder over the nose and let the cheeks shine like an apple, or riffle just enough powder on the face—and it's very little—so that there is both matt and shine.

This calls for skilful powdering, but I'm told the result is charming.

Personally, I think it's a grand idea to have a foundation for the summer that can be powdered or not, according to the demands of the moment.

Smooth screen for skin

OUTSIDE the perfect young skin, few complexions get by on absolute merit. Almost every adult needs the help that comes with a film of light (weight) foundation, both for its protective and cover-up qualities and the delicate bloom it gives to skin texture.

One great advantage of this through-day-into-night type of cosmetic is that a small bottle, easily slipped into the handbag or even a pocket, constitutes a complete beauty outfit in itself. Not to mention its sun-screening, waterproof element.

About hair styles—Nancy Bryan says the stylists are leaning over backwards in stressing the importance of individualised hair-dos.

Long or short, page-boy or upsweep, earmuff or chignon, there is hardly limit to the choice; but there is one general maxim—the hair-do you wear should be right for you to wear.

"But," says Nancy Bryan, "there is inevitably one trend—the flat top that projects itself into the picture each season, and this summer is no exception. It's definitely the flat top, combined with any other styling you like."

The medium-short page-boy, slick and easy to handle and flattering to large numbers of girls, probably retains the silver popularity cup in open competition.

For those who can wear it there's no questioning its superiority. The trick of a sleek, smooth page-boy, of course, is to have the hair competently thinned and cut to proper length so that it hangs loosely and just turns under—not rolled under and under.

This in answer to the many queries I've had concerning the "secret" of a page-boy hair-do.

Otherwise the 1947 headline can be summarised in this fashion:

- Flat on top, narrow at the back, and, if worn up, coaxed back from the forehead in classic Greek style.
- Back interest is concentrated between crown and the back hairline.

Incidentally, the idea of pouring a glass of beer over the hair after a shampoo is highly regarded abroad, where it is claimed to be especially good if the hair is very fine.

COMING DOWN THE STEPS from her home at Mosman is Mrs. H. W. Krips with small son Henry and five-months-old Maria Louise in the baby carrier. Mrs. Krips (who is the wife of the well-known conductor) considers The Australian Women's Weekly baby carrier a great blessing; now finds shopping with her family less tiring. The carrier is obtainable in off-white with beige, grey, or pastel blue strappings, from our Pattern Department for 15/6. If ordering by mail add 2½d. postage. (See addresses on page 32.

Scalp hygiene

. . By . . MEDICO

"I'M so worried," said little Mrs. Doyle. "The children came home from school and told me a girl in their class has an 'infested' head. They have been playing with her. What should I do to keep their heads clean?"

"Even the cleanest of children, coming from the most careful of homes, may become infested by a parasite that lives in the hair," I said. "It is sometimes caught by other children who wear a hat or cap that is not their own. It can also be caught, as can be dandruff, by using another person's brush or comb.

"Each child should have an individual comb and brush and never use one belonging to anyone else. If your children are careful about these things there's not much danger of their picking them up.

"Should they do so, however, the treatment is to rub the scalp with a dusting-powder you can get from your chemist—one part D.D.T. and nine parts talc powder. Dust and rub two handfuls of this into the hair twice, with a week between applications. The eggs have to hatch out before they can be killed by the D.D.T. dusting-powder."

"I wash the girls' hair every week. Do you think I should do it more often while this infection is about?"

"If you wash it too often the natural oils dry up and the hair loses its health and its shining appearance. Once a week is a good rule for washing school-children's hair, which is exposed to a good deal of dust. A good brushing each day will do the rest, keeping it clean, shining, and healthy."

[All names in this article are fictitious.]

Lovely undies for children are here!

(At right) Bond's pyjamas in rayon locknit with softly gathered top trimmed with applique motif and fine lace edging.

(Below) Bond's tailored slip in rayon locknit.

As pretty as Mummy's with those scarce embroidery motifs! They're made in the same dull-finish rayon . . . tailored with the same care. And they're knitted in Bond's special locknit stitch . . . that's why they stay pretty and smooth-fitting washing after washing.

You can be sure of perfect fit when you buy Bond's Tru-Size "Underlovelies", as every garment is made true-to-size.

Look for the Bond's "Tru-Size" label.

Bond's TRU-SIZE

"UNDERLOVELIES" FOR CHILDREN

CUI

HAIR gone!

Legs lovely in 3 minutes

Don't be embarrassed by ugly hair on your legs. You can make them satin-smooth so quickly, so simply. Just smooth on this dainty white cream — Veet Cream—wash off and hair is gone. No bristly razor stubble, no coarse regrowth . . . Veet Cream gently dissolves away the hair, leaves skin as soft as velvet. This is the modern scientific way to rid yourself of superfluous hair on legs, arms and underarms. Price 2/9 a tube at all chemists. Successful results guaranteed with Veet Cream or money refunded.

VEET CREAM

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V38

"I'm a housewife, mother of four . . ."

This is the accepted way to recolour dull or grey hair. When used as directed is perfectly harmless—consult your hairdresser or buy from chemists.

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INECTO RAPID HAIR COLOURING

Housework is hard

. . . until you find relief from

BACKACHE

No wonder housework is hard . . . no wonder there seems more to do than one pair of hands can possibly manage . . . for backache turns the most ordinary of tasks into weary toil. But when backache is due to sluggish kidneys, that is a trouble you can soon put right. Yes, SOON . . . because many women gain relief simply by relying on De Witt's Pills to restore proper kidney action.

To so many women, De Witt's Pills are a reliable standby . . . an unfailing source of relief from backache. So, if you have this heavy burden of backache, De Witt's Pills come to you with the heartfelt recommendations of grateful people all around you. Get a bottle from your chemist to-day.

DeWitt's KIDNEY AND BLADDER Pills

Made specially to relieve the pain of Backache, Rheumatism, Joint Pains, Sciatica and Lumbago. Prices 3/- and 5/9.

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Modern Methods

By Our Food and Cookery Experts

● Ways of roasting meat and cooking vegetables have changed in recent years—and for the better.

THE familiar routine of placing the joint of meat in a hot oven to seal the surface has been discarded, as it causes shrinkage.

So has the old idea of cooking green vegetables in a large quantity of water in an uncovered pan.

The rule now is to bake meat to a moist tenderness at a moderately low temperature (300deg. to 350deg. F.).

This low-heat baking minimises shrinkage and loss of moisture and improves the rich, meaty flavor.

Meat which has been stored in a refrigerator should be allowed to thaw to room temperature before cooking. This helps to make it tender.

Wipe the meat with a clean, damp cloth. Never wash meat. Season the joint with salt and pepper before cooking. To-day's theory is that salt penetrates only ¼in. into the meat, and the very small quantity of juice drawn out by the salt adds flavor to the drippings which are used in making the gravy—so there is no nutritive loss.

Oven should be pre-heated to 325deg. or 350deg. F., and temperature kept as steady as possible during cooking-time.

Place the joint fat-side up in a shallow baking-dish with melted fat ¼in. deep. Placed fat-side up, the joint bastes itself during cooking.

A very lean joint, such as veal, may need occasional basting.

Do not cover the baking-dish; do not add water. Both create steam, which should be avoided in dry-heat baking.

Small joints require longer cooking time per pound than large ones. Meat with a bone needs less time per pound. A good rule to follow is 35 to 40 minutes per pound for medium; longer for well done; shorter time if meat is liked rare.

Pork and veal, both of which must be well cooked, should be given 40 to 45 minutes per pound.

Green vegetables should be cooked so that as much as possible of the vitamin and mineral content is preserved.

Water, heat, and air—all essential in the cooking process—are the natural enemies of vitamins. Excessive water tends also to lessen the mineral content.

To reduce vitamin loss by lessening time of exposure to water, heat, and air, use a minimum of liquid when cooking. Water clinging to well-washed leafy greens should be sufficient for cooking.

Other types should be cooked in a very small quantity of water.

Cook quickly (but avoid violent boiling) in closely lidded pan; do not stir. Covering pan keeps air out and steam in, making it possible to cook with a minimum amount of heat.

This method of quick cooking helps to retain green color.

Overcooking is fatal to vegetables—particularly greens. Cook only until crisply tender, drain, and serve immediately.

The use of bicarbonate of soda should be avoided. It destroys vitamin content, and though it does help to preserve color if used in minute quantities, too much gives a brownish tinge and completely ruins flavor.

Peas are one green vegetable that do not respond well to quick cooking in a small quantity of boiling water.

Use a small quantity of water by all means, but it must be only warm to start, not boiling, and cooking must be gentle.

If peas are started in boiling water or cooked quickly they tend to pop out of their skins.

Potatoes and other roots lose less of their vitamin and mineral content if scrubbed and left unpeeled.

If preferred peeled, remove only the thinnest possible paring and avoid cutting the vegetables into small pieces.

Cook gently to avoid breaking in a minimum quantity of water with lid on pan.

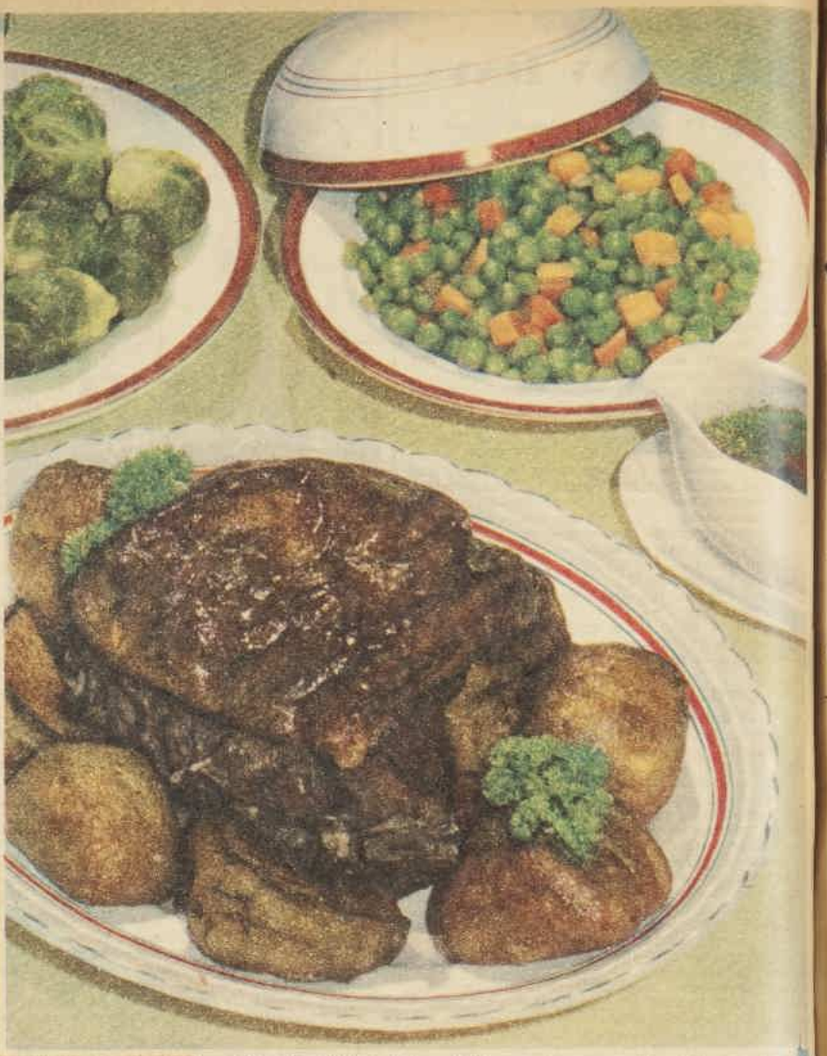
Using a smaller quantity of water means less salt is needed.

Half a teaspoon salt to ½ pint water is sufficient for roots and green vegetables, such as peas, beans, sprouts, etc., which are cooked in a small quantity of water.

Shredded cabbage and spinach—cooked in the water which clings to the leaves after washing—need only a sprinkling of salt.

Finally, remember that vegetables are at their best when cooked as soon as possible after picking, which, of course, means that home-grown vegetables are without equal.

Vegetable cookery



LOIN OF LAMB, baked vegetables, carrots, peas, and brussels sprouts cooked in the modern manner in our testing kitchens. Note color of vegetables and absence of shrinkage in meat. Picture at lower left shows meat and vegetables in process of cooking.

Drink delicious 'OVALTINE' daily – Made from Malt, Milk and Eggs, it is the food you drink for health and strength.

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for satisfying and savoury meals

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IS YOUR HAIR 'SORT OF' FAIR OR MOUSY?

STA-BLOND'S New "MAKE-UP" SHAMPOO will give it a definite fair colour *without ugly bleaching*

Sta-blond will make it 4-6 lovelier lustrous shades LIGHTER

Sta-blond's new 'make-up' Shampoo contains two wonderful new discoveries —Lanaef and Calophol. These feed natural oil to the hair roots, ending "dry scalp"—make the hair easy to manage.

Try it. See why 28,000,000 packets were sold in United States, Britain, South Africa, Canada and other countries of the world in 1946. (Sta-blond is called Blonder in some countries.)

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Your Dog

If your dog's coat is dull, loose or ragged — if his nose is warm and he is listless or loses his appetite, give him BARKO Condition Powders. BARKO Condition Powders. 1/6 ALL CHEMISTS

Staisweet

Stay as sweet as you are with

Staisweet

The Deodorant you can trust

Staisweet

AS GOOD AS IT LOOKS, the featherweight date cake which wins this week's recipe prize is easy to mix. A layer of chopped dates softened with lemon juice may be spread over cake before topping with icing.

Prizewinning recipe

Easily made date cake

● A date cake light as a feather, with a rich, delicious flavor, wins first prize for a N.S.W. reader in this week's recipe contest.

IT is ready for the oven after a few minutes' preparation, and when it is baked and iced it disappears as fast as it is cut.

Another good recipe to add to your collection is flounder florentine—a wholesome fish dish extended with spinach.

Bream, flathead, large whiting, or skinned sole could be used instead of flounder.

FEATHER-LIGHT DATE CAKE

Half cup margarine or butter, 1 cup brown sugar, 1¾ cups sifted self-raising flour, ½lb. stoned chopped dates, 1 small teaspoon nutmeg, 1 small teaspoon cinnamon, ½ cup cold milk, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon rum.

Soften shortening and cream well. Add all other ingredients, including whole eggs, mixing thoroughly with wooden spoon. Place in deep, well-greased and lined 7in. cake-tin and bake in moderate oven (400deg. F.) for 1-1½ hours. When cooked and cooled, cover with rum icing.

Rum Icing: Half pound sifted icing-sugar, 1 dessertspoon margarine or butter, good squeeze lemon juice, 1 tablespoon rum, a little milk.

Melt shortening, add sugar, lemon juice, and rum, beating well. Add a little milk if icing is too stiff. Pour on to cold cake and rough up surface with fork. Allow icing to set before cutting.

First Prize of £1 to Miss E. Wright, 20 Grafton St., Cremorne, N.S.W.

HOT FISH CASSEROLE

Cooked mashed potatoes, onions, tomatoes, small thin raw fish fillets, flour, salt and pepper, lemon juice, margarine or butter, a little milk.

Line bottom of pie-dish with little mashed potato. Fry slices of onion lightly and place layer on top of potato, then layer of sliced tomatoes sprinkled with salt and pepper. Cover with layer of fish which has been dipped in lemon juice, flour, salt, and pepper. Repeat till dish is full, moisten with a little milk. Finish with potatoes. Sprinkle with grated cheese. Dot with small pieces of shortening. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) 30 to 40 minutes till fish is cooked.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss L. Crosskey, C/o Post Office, Marleston, S.A.

CURRIED RABBIT

One rabbit, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 dessertspoon curry powder, 1 medium onion, 1 apple, 1 teaspoon salt, pepper, 1 level tablespoon fat, 1 lemon, 1 pint stock or water, ½ teaspoon sugar.

Wash rabbit, cut into joints, and roll in flour, pepper, and salt. Cut onion and apple into dice. Heat fat and brown rabbit on both sides. Remove from fat. Add onion and apple and fry lightly. Add remainder of flour, mixed with curry powder, and brown slightly. Add water or stock and sugar and stir until boiling. Return rabbit to saucepan. Cover and simmer 1½-1¾ hours. Add the juice of half a lemon just before serving. Garnish with parsley and lemon wedges.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss J. Buchanan, 15a Elizabeth St., Hobart.

FLOUNDER FLORENTINE

One medium flounder, 1 tablespoon margarine or butter, 2 tablespoons sherry (or lemon juice), salt and pepper, 1 cup cooked, chopped spinach, 1 cup cheese sauce, 1 tablespoon grated cheese.

Wash fish well in salted water, remove fins and tail. Dry. Melt shortening. Place half in ovenware dish. Place flounder in. Pour over sherry or lemon juice. Season with salt and pepper. Cook in moderate oven 10 minutes, covered with greased paper. Reheat spinach over low heat in remainder of shortening. Spread over flounder. Cover with cheese sauce and sprinkle with grated cheese. Return to oven to lightly brown cheese. Serve garnished with lemon wedges and parsley.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. R. Spiller, Kelly St., Pyramid, Vic.

SCALLOPED CAULIFLOWER AND TOMATOES

One medium-sized cauliflower, 3 tomatoes, 1½ cups thick white sauce, salt and pepper, ½ cup soft breadcrumbs, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce.

Break cauliflower into flowerets, cook in boiling, salted water 10-15 minute. Drain, and arrange some of flowerets on bottom of greased ovenware dish. Cover with layer of sliced tomatoes, sprinkle with salt and pepper, then pour over some of the sauce. Repeat layers until dish is full, finishing with sauce. Cover thickly with breadcrumbs and grated cheese. Bake in moderate oven 15-20 minutes. Serve hot, garnished with parsley.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. Munro, Anzac St., West Maitland, N.S.W.

LEFT: Sausage meat flavored with chopped onion, salt, pepper, parsley, and a dash of herbs makes fine croquettes served in nests of curried potato.

★ The Demonstrator SAID 'Yes, that shade would suit your complexion'

★ But she MEANT 'No face powder would hide that blotchy skin!'

Clear up those unattractive skin faults with

REXONA MEDICATED SOAP

REXONA SOAP CONTAINS CADYL, an exclusive Rexona compound comprising Oils of Cade, Cassia, Cloves, Terebinth and Bornyl Acetate — all recognised valuable skin medicaments.

You simply can't hide blotches and other skin faults with make-up! But you *can* clear up blemishes with Rexona Medicated Soap! Rexona with its special medication of Cadyl gently removes all trace of embedded dirt and dust — tones up the pores and keeps them healthy. With regular Rexona care your skin stays fresh, *naturally* lovely.

X.67 26

I'm all glowing and warm, with

GLO-RUB

Even the most obstinate cold will respond to a HEARNE'S GLO-RUB treatment. It is very simple. Just put a little GLO-RUB in the nostrils and use GLO-RUB liberally to rub the chest and throat. Its soothing and penetrating vapour opens up the nasal passages for easy breathing, releases secretions and soothes swollen and irritated membranes. It penetrates in through the pores of the chest and throat to do a power of good with its pleasant and comforting warmth.

"BREATHE IT IN—AND BREATHE OUT YOUR COLD"

W. G. HEARNE & COMPANY LTD., GEELONG, VIC

Rheumatism, Ankles Puffy, Backache, Kidneys Strained?

If you're feeling out o-sorts, have Sleepless Nights, or suffer from Dizziness, Nervousness, Backache, Leg Pains, Swollen Ankles, Rheumatism, Excess Acidity, or Loss of Energy and feel old before your time, Kidney Trouble is the true cause.

Wrong foods and drinks, worry, colds or overwork may create an excess of acids and place a heavy strain on your kidneys so that they function poorly and need help to properly refresh your blood and maintain health and energy.

Help Kidneys Doctors' Way

Many doctors have discovered by scientific clinical tests and in actual practice that a quick and sure way to help the kidneys clean out excess poisons and acids is with a scientifically prepared prescription called Cystex. Hundreds and hundreds of doctors' records prove this.

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